THE BOOKMAN

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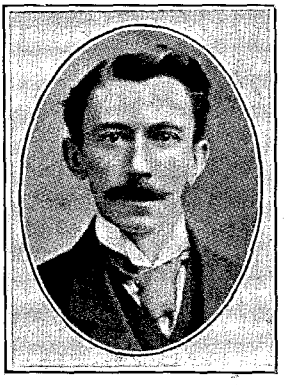
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Stamps

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech at the Mansion House in connection with the Charles Dickens centenary testimonial fund, expressed the hope that there would be millions of American applications for the Dickens commemorative stamps. We respectfully suggest that there be issued a Washington Irving commemorative stamp, that the proceeds be devoted to some fitting memorial to the author of *Bracebridge Hall,* and that the opportunity to purchase this stamp be given freely to the British public. Washington Irving, as Thackeray expressed it in one of his *Roundabout Papers,* was a kind of literary ambassador from the young Republic to the Mother Country. In his subsequent writings his treatment of his hosts was one of unvarying courtesy and urbanity. We have no record of his having received any material reward corresponding to the vast sums of money which accrued to Dickens as a result of the American readings.

We confess to some little exasperation over certain phases of this Dickens stamp matter. We deplore heartily the outrageous conditions which in former days made it possible for American publishers to bring out editions of Dickens's novels from which the author derived no benefit. But we resent very emphatically the attitude of many Britons that we are a nation of miserable offenders, and that this Dickens stamp is an opportunity graciously extended to us, and that by taking advantage of it we may humbly make partial restitution. Englishmen seem to be forgetting that there have been British pirates as well as American pirates, and that Dickens in his day felt quite as aggrieved over certain English adaptations of his stories for the stage as he did over the American publication of his books. Mr. Kipling has flung at us his "Rhyme of the Three Captains," and there has grown up a kind of impression that literary piracy is a sin exclusively practised by Americans. We have at hand a little volume entitled *The Lectures of Bret Harte.* Bret Harte was a victim of flagrant piracy on the part of English publishers, and in 1873 he was forced to bring suit for an injunction to restrain the importation and sale of pirated editions of his works. Another sufferer was Mark Twain, who upon one occasion wrote a letter to the London *Spectator* which we should like to recall to the attention of our readers.



FRANCIS GRIBBLE

This, we believe, is the first portrait THE BOOKMAN has ever published of Francis Gribble, although his books have been discussed at considerable length in its columns. A new work by Mr. Gribble, dealing with the French actress Rachel, is announced for publication next month.

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To the Editor of *The Spectator.*

SIR: I only venture to intrude upon you because I come, in some sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission respectable. Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has, of his own individual motion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven and earth in any country, as I understand it. But my grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written, then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half-a-dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or even if you yourself, were to write a book and send it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not up to what it ought

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. G. K. CHESTERTON AT HOME

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to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? And suppose he should entitle those chapters, "Holiday Literature," "True Stories of Chicago," "On Children," "Train Up a Child, and Away He Goes," and "Vengeance," and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own consciousness, go and "Copyright" the entire book, and put on the title-page a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket and the legend "All Rights Reserved." (I only suppose the picture; still it would be rather a neat thing.) And, further, suppose that in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, "Screamers and Eye-Openers," and went and got that copyrighted too. And suppose that on the top of all this, he continually and persistently forgot to offer you a single penny or even send you a copy of your mutilated book to burn. Let us suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about woe. Sometimes when I read one of those additional chapters constructed by John Camden Hotten, I feel as if I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, for I feel none. Oh! not in anger; but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity. And Mr. Hotten says that one *nom de plume* of mine is "Carl Byng." I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so downtrodden and abused as the giving him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hottentot, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe that it would throw him into a brain fever, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way.

Yes—to come to the original subject, which is the sorrow that is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and in some respects, spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. George Routledge and Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among the readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I could contemplate the spectacle calmly as the dividends come in.

I am sir, etc.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain").

LONDON, September 20, 1872.

In speaking the other day of the matter of the proposed fund to be raised for the Dickens heirs, a man of an exceedingly flippant turn of mind expressed the hope that the fund be raised and that it be a large one. "But then," he continued, "after that I want to see belated suits brought against it by the descendants of all the historical personages whom Dickens libelled in his *Child's History of England*. I promise you there won't be much left of the fund."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a word to say about *A Child's History of England* in his recently published *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens*. It may not be, he says, important as a contribution to history, but it is important as a contribution to biography; as a contribution to the character and the career of the man who wrote it, a typical man of his time. That Dickens made no personal historical researches, that he had no special historical learning, that he had not had, in truth, even anything that could be called a good education, all this accentuates not the merit but at least the importance of the book. For here, thinks Mr. Chesterton, may be read in plain popular language, written by a man whose genius for popular exposition has never been surpassed among men, a brief account of the origin and meaning of England as it seemed to the average Englishman of that age. This book will always remain as a bright and brisk summary of the cock-sure, healthy-minded, essentially manly and essentially ungentlemanly view of history which characterises the Radicals of that particular Radical era. The history tells us nothing about the periods that it talks about; but it tells us a great deal about the period that it does not talk about; the period in which it was written.

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JEANNETTE MARKS, AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF A SONG"

In a chapter about Dickens's *Christmas Stories,* Mr. Chesterton takes up the subject of the old English tavern waiter and deplores the fact that Dickens never developed this character at full length in a book. "Had he done so he would have preserved forever in literature a type of great humour and great value, and a type which may only too soon be disappearing from the English history." The English waiter still exists in some sound old taverns and decent country inns, but there is no one left really capable of singing his praises. Mr. Chesterton acknowledges the whimsical qualities of William, in George Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell.* But he does not think that Mr. Shaw, as a vegetarian and a teetotaller, can really understand the English waiter, a being by the nature of things solemn about everything, unable to reach the true height and ecstasy of his solemnity except about wine. What the real English waiter would do or say if Mr. Shaw asked him for a vegetarian meal he dares not predict. Dickens's waiter, on the other hand, is described by one who is not merely witty, truthful, and observant, like Mr. Shaw, but one who really knew the atmosphere of inns, one who knew and even liked the smell of beef, and beer, and brandy.

The English Waiter

Hence there is a richness in Dickens's portrait which does not exist in Mr. Shaw's. Mr. Shaw's waiter is merely a man of tact; Dickens's is a man of principle. Mr. Shaw's waiter is an opportunist, just as Mr. Shaw is an opportunist in politics. Dickens's waiter is ready to stand up seriously for "the true principles of waitering," just as Dickens was ready to stand up for the true principles of capital liberalism. Mr. Shaw's waiter is agnostic; his motto is "You never can tell." Dickens's waiter is a dogmatist; his motto is "You can tell; I will tell you."

In a recent personal talk Mr. Howells expressed his admiration of the work of Arnold Bennett and pointed out that in the last year or so there has been a rapidly widening circle of discriminating readers in this country who are giving to the author of

John Galsworthy

ANNE WARWICK, AUTHOR OF "COMPENSATION"

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. THE LATE O. HENRY (SIDNEY PORTER) AND MRS. PORTER

The Five Towns his just meed of serious appreciation. Another Englishman of exactly the age of Mr. Bennett (forty-four), of whom much the same can be said is Mr. John Galsworthy. When one considers the comparative youth of these writers their future, in view of the work already achieved, is of major importance. Galsworthy has devoted his entire life to literature. He is a man of high social position and wide education. His *Strife*, which dealt with the questions of capital and labour, was one of the first plays produced at the New Theatre of New York, and until recently he was regarded in this country almost entirely as a dramatist. In time, however, discerning American readers began to find his books, which have been appearing in England for a dozen years and which include *Jocelyn, Villa Rubine, A Man of Devon,* the *Island Pharisees, The Man of Property, A Commentary, Fraternity,* and *The Patrician,* which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Title and Its Value

The other day a little group of writing men were discussing the question of titles and their values as assets in the sale of novels. Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, for example, spoke of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* as the best of all modern titles, and maintained that a book with a name like that would have to be very poor indeed to fail utterly of success. It was pointed out, on the other hand, that many of the very greatest popular successes of the past twenty years have been books with absolutely negative titles, and that in many cases these books owed little or nothing to the previous works of their authors. Finally the following off hand comparative list of positive and negative titles was drawn up:

POSITIVE	NEGATIVE
The Prisoner of Zenda	Ben Hur
Ships that Pass in the Night	Trilby
When Knighthood Was in Flower	Richard Carvel
To Have and to Hold	Janice Meredith
The Right of Way	The Honourable Peter Stirling
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush	David Harum
The Choir Invisible	Hugh Wynne
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	Eben Holden
The Beloved Vagabond	The Virginian
The Call of the Wild	The Crisis
	The Crossing
	Oliver Horn
	The Christian
	Audrey

JOHN GALSWORTHY

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Positive	Negative
In the Bishop's Carriage	Joseph Vance
The Masquerader	Septimus
The Silent Places	Red Rock
The Blazed Trail	Rebecca
The Lightning Conductor	Graustark
The House of Mirth	The Deliverance
The Garden of Allah	Old Gorgon Graham
The Hound of the Baskervilles	Sir Mortimer
The Leopard's Spots	My Friend Prospero
The Danger Mark	Beverley of Graustark
The Firing Line	Coniston
The Lady of the Decoration	Jane Cable
54-40 or Fight	Katrine
The Port of Missing Men	The Rosary
	A Modern Chronicle
	John Marvel
	Gordon Keith
	Monsieur Beaucaire
	The Doctor

Positive	Negative
The Brass Bowl	The Princess Virginia
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	The Weavers
The Man in Lower Ten	Peter
A Certain Rich Man	Mr. Crewe's Career
When a Man Marries	Lewis Rand
It Never Can Happen Again	

An American Monte Cristo

Among the many highly coloured virtues of the Count of Monte Cristo was his sense of punctuality, a virtue which probably no one ever ascribed to his creator. "At such an hour, of such a day, of such a month, I shall call at your hotel in Paris," said the Count to Albert de Morcerf, as they

GASTON LEROUX, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

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parted in Rome after the adventure with Luigi Vampa and his bandits, and, of course, he was quite as good as his word. According to an article on the late Sir Charles Dilke, in a recent number of the London *Academy*, the Count will henceforth have to share his honours with an American rival.

A peculiar instance of a cognate characteristic occurs to me. He once spoke with admiration of an American he had met, I think in San Francisco. The American told him he would be coming to England in a year. Dilke invited him to lunch, and gave him a day fourteen months later, assuring him he would give

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE IN BERMUDA

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTAITS. LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX IN HER VIRGINIA HOME

him a distinctively English lunch, begging him at the same time to be punctual.

"If you will give me an hour I'll be on hand," replied the American. Dilke gave one o'clock. As the clock struck one on the day in question fourteen months afterward Dilke walked downstairs to the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor of his house, just as the American walked in.

Mr. Frank Harris tells that he once sent Sir Charles Dilke a book, *The Story of an African Farm*. Dilke declared that it was the greatest novel that he had ever read—greater than John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This sweeping praise of the work of Olive Schreiner recalls how completely that author has dropped out of the literary world of recent years. Since the publication of *Trooper Peter Halket*, in 1897, no book has come from her pen. A new work, by her, however, has been announced by the Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company, and is to be issued in a few weeks. The title of the book is *Woman and Labour*—and it is

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described as "a survey, original, broad, and philosophical, of the position of woman in our time, and the problems created by the changed conditions of labour."

When *The Story of an African Farm* was published, Olive Schreiner was only twenty years of age. The story of how she was "discovered" has been told before in the BOOKMAN, but it is worth repeating. The manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm,* when the author brought it to London, was much longer and in many respects different from the book as it eventually appeared. It was submitted to the well-known London house of Chapman and Hall, the publishers of Dickens, and read by George Meredith, whose reading of manuscripts was always accompanied, even when a book of merit was declined by him, with flattering and treasured words of praise. In Miss Schreiner's story he recommended large omissions. When she met him she knew him only as the "reader," and was far from pleased with his comments on her manuscript. His reception at her hands, therefore, was not very cordial. Somewhat later she learned, to her mortification, that the publisher's reader was no other than the great novelist.

We quote the following from "At the Sign of St. Paul's," a so-called literary department conducted by Mr. Andrew Lang, in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*. Though it can hardly be

OLIVE SCHREINER

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considered as an extenuation, we don't wonder that Mr. Lang rather shamefacedly lays the blame on Lamb.

To persons familiar with the French language the new book of a new author, Marguerite Audoux, may be cordially recommended. "Oh, do" read Mlle. Audoux, as Lamb might have said, for he shrank not from the worst of puns.

Rule Britannia

Mr. Lang is on more secure ground when he turns to Burns. He recalls the case of the man who had fought in the Crimea and whose grandfather had fought at Culloden, who once came into his (Mr. Lang's) study and looked round at the books. "Knox and Burns," said he, "the two Curses of Scotland." But this blasphemer was of Clan Vourich; he was not a Lowland Scot, or he "would never have been heard to speak so free." But the main point of Mr. Lang's argument is that despite all the enthusiasm shown at Burns's dinners, the fact remains that the dialect is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the Southern readers. And the revelling Scot himself, even before dinner, might be hard put to it to pass a creditable examination. Let him explain "cootie," "An' dautit twal-pint hawkie's gaen as yell's the bill" (And the petted twelve-pint cow has turned as barren of milk as the bull); "reestit gizz."

"I Knew Him When——"

Somehow or other the only person who is able to write about one Indiana author with full understanding and adequacy is another Indiana author. He alone possesses the necessary qualities of combined appreciation and flippancy. We have recently been looking

HOOSIER AUTHORS AT WORK

I KNEW HIM WHEN— GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

through a little volume entitled *I Knew Him When*—. It is privately printed by the Indiana Society of Chicago, written by George Ade, with illustrations by John T. McCutcheon, and purports to be "A Hoosier Fable dealing with the Happy Days of Away Back Yonder." It begins:

Once there was a Chicago Man with a Past. Those who saw him dipping into the real Astrakhan Caviar at $1.75 per throw at the New Blackstone or leaving a trail of Blue Smoke up the Lake Shore Drive as he beat it for the Golf Club infested by our Best People, little

I KNEW HIM WHEN— ALBERT

suspected that he had been at one time merely an obscure Unit in a large Family of Children in a Town that never would have been brought to Light except for Rand and McNally.

Pictorially and in text *I Knew Him When*— does full justice to Indiana precocity. On page 16 we have a portrait of Mr. Meredith Nicholson at about the age of two and a half years. It is described as "his first attempt to look like

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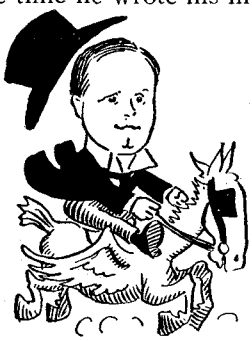
I KNEW HIM WHEN— MEREDITH

an author." The half-tone cut showing the lineaments of James Whitcomb Riley bears the caption "one of the best poets in Greenfield." The early picture showing George Barr and John T. McCutcheon carries the information that it was "taken

I KNEW HIM WHEN— KIN HUBBARD

at Romney, Indiana, the year of the big wind." A cherubic infantile portrait of Charles Major is followed by a "later portrait, by himself—when Shelbyville was in flower." According to an illustration of this book, Booth Tarkington, "about the time he wrote his first novel,"



I KNEW HIM WHEN— WILBUR NESBIT

had reached the mature age of three and was much addicted to the wearing of Scotch plaids. In one place the creator of "Bird Centre" is flippantly called "Johnnie McCutch" and is characterised as "The Boy Lothario of South Fourth Street." A portrait of George McCutcheon and dog is followed by a libellous

JOHN EVERS M'CUTCHEON

statement to the effect that "John afterward stole the dog." As a final pictorial tit bit we have an adolescent portrait of the author himself wearing on his waistcoat label an aggressive decoration, and

I KNEW HIM WHEN— BILL BOBBS

under the picture the sarcastic inscription "George Ade trying to conceal the fact that he has joined a frat."

Some Stage Memories

Daniel Frohman, in his *Memories of a Manager,* tells of a muscular trick by which Mr. F. F. Mackay achieved an astonishing stage effect. It was in Bronson Howard's *One of Our Girls.* Mr. Mackay was playing the part of a French Count who, in one of the chief situations of the play, is slapped in the face with a glove by an

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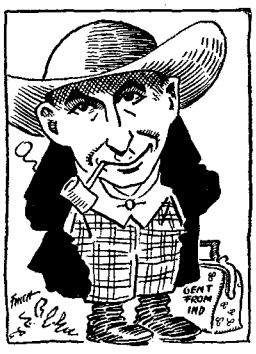
English officer. Mr. Howard's idea was that the Count should become violent and furious at the affront, but Mr. Mackay contended that as he had been shown in the play to be an expert duellist, and accustomed to danger, he was not likely to lose control of himself. Mr. Howard saw the point. The result was that the Frenchman received the insult without the movement of a muscle. He stood rigid. Only a flash of the eye for an instant revealed his emotion. Then the audience saw his face grow red, and then pale. This was followed by the quiet announcement from the Count that he would send his seconds to the Englishman. This exhibition of facial emotion betrayed by the visible rush of blood to the actor's face was frequently noted at the time. It was a muscular trick. Mr. Mackay put on a tight collar for that scene and strained his neck against it until the blood came, and when he released the pressure, and the blood receded, the effect was reached.

Bronson Howard talked to Mr. Frohman frequently of his work and his methods. He was an inveterate smoker of mild cigars. With him the big part of the construction of a play was what he called "the smoking stage." This was the period when an author materialises in his mind all the active events and incidents of a drama, to get it into a symmetrical framework exactly as a building is constructed. Then comes the dialogue which, as in the building, is again analogous to the upholstery and decoration of the rooms. That is the only way to construct a play. Many suppose a play is a matter of story-writing, which tells about



I KNEW HIM WHEN— BOOTH AGAIN

I KNEW HIM WHEN— AN IDEALISED PORTRAIT OF BOOTH TARKINGTON, DRAWN BY HIMSELF

people and things in a series of conversations. That is why so many literary men fail as dramatists, while many successful dramatists might fail to score in efforts at formal rhetoric.

In the old days the writing of successful plays was not the royal road to fortune that it has since become. To illustrate this Mr. Frohman gives an anecdote about the dramatist, Bartley Campbell.

One day he was being driven by a friend along the principal avenue in Long Branch, then our principal coast resort. Various beautiful residences were pointed out to him. "Who lives there?" he asked, pointing to a stately mansion. "Maggie Mitchell, the actress," was the reply. "And who lives there?" "Mary Anderson." "And who lives in that gorgeous place?" "John Albaugh, the actor and manager." And so the homes of various well-to-do thespians were shown him. "And where do the authors live?" he asked. "Oh, they live in New York or on some farm." "Ah!" he said, and he began to think deeply. The following year he was being driven about Paris, and again the homes of prominent theatrical people were shown him. One splendid mansion was owned by Victorien Sardou, another by Alexandre Dumas, another by Edouard Pailleron, another by Georges Ohnet, and

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others by various dramatists and writers. "But where are the homes of the great actors?" "Oh, they live in apartments!"

French Domestic Poetry

Two or three years ago we printed a little paper about Gustave Nadaud and the Carcassonne of his famous poem. The almost immediate result was a surprising number of appreciative letters from all parts of the country, showing how completely the homely, pathetic story of the old peasant and his unreached goal has become cosmopolitan property. In a chapter on "French Domestic Poetry" in her *French Men, Women, and Books,* Miss Betham-Edwards points out that French people of the non-literary class do not read poetry; they hearken to it as did the Greeks of old to their rhapsodists. In France poetry is appreciated rather by the ears than by the eyes. The reciter, like the troubadour of old, has his status, his special calling. Thus at rustic weddings, after the long breakfast, each course being interspersed with a song from the guests, the professional story-teller and declaimer comes forward. Consequently the fireside muse, the muse of the farm, the vineyard, the workshop, the garrison, with its touch of native making all men kin, receives little recognition in purely academic circles. Names like Baudelaire and Verlaine find their way to the remote corners of the earth, but what is most vital, most living in French verse is practically unknown outside of France. Of course, there are exceptions. Nadaud's "Carcassonne" is one. In French domestic poetry the robust morality, the healthy acceptance of life as it is, rather than as it can be made, offer a striking contrast to the morbid pessimism of the classical school. Here is an English rendering of "The Three Hussars," another of Nadaud's poems, not nearly so well known as "Carcassonne."

THE THREE HUSSARS (LES TROIS HUSSARDS)

I

Furlough had set three Hussars free,
  Swift their steps and their hearts were light;
They sang, they laughed in roisterous glee
  When scenes familiar came in sight.

II

"Now shall I see my chosen maid,
  Her name is Marguerite," cried one.
"Mine, Madeleine," the second said.
  "Mine," quoth the third, "is Jeanneton."

III

They met a neighbour on the road.
  "Bell-ringer Simon, as I live!"
"How goes?" "What's happed of bad or good?"
  "Faith, soldiers, I've no news to give."

IV

"Well, tidings of fair Marguerite?"
  "I tolled* her vows a year ago;
She's now a cloistered Carmelite
  In yonder convent that you know."

V

"Something tell me of Madeleine,
  Alway prim and sedate of tongue?"
"Bride and matron. Twelve months between;
  Twice for her have I joy-bells rung."

VI

"Mine now a word of Jeanneton;
  With the maiden are all things well?"
"Aye, truly! Just three months have flown
  Since I pealed for her the funeral knell."

VII

"Bell-ringer, to the cloistered nun
  Friendly wishes let some one bear;
Tell her, ere vintage be begun
  My wedding-bells shall shake the air."

VIII

"Bell-ringer, tell the matron staid,
  I'm once more in my native place,
Promoted to a captain's grade
  And wedded only to the chase."

IX

"Bell-ringer, seek my mother out,
  Pardon ask her on bended knee.
Back to the colours. Right about.
  Home is no longer home to me!"

Author and Publisher

"Mr. Tonson—some kind of intercourse must be carryed (*sic*) on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil." This stiff communication which Dryden sent to the great English publisher in 1695 is recalled by Miss

*The death-bell is tolled when a nun takes the veil.

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Betham-Edwards in writing of the affectionate and unbroken friendship which existed for twenty-six years between Jules Barbey d'Aurévilly and his publisher, Trebutien. Barbey d'Aurévilly, though fleered at by Zola and Brunetière, was highly considered by Sainte-Beuve seventy years ago. In his letters to his publisher he gave of his best, and the impersonal remnant of the correspondence contains criticisms, *bon-mots,* and personalities by turns witty, epigrammatic and profound.

Here are a few literary pronouncements—

There is no real genius in romancers without geniality. Therein lies the force of Walter Scott.

Yet of perhaps the least genial story-teller, if one of the greatest the world has seen, he writes with unbounded enthusiasm—

Balzac—that literary Bonaparte who suffered neither abdication nor a Waterloo.

And elsewhere—

That California, Balzac, from whose works I have culled (for publication) three thousand and odd sayings.

Of Burns he wrote—

My favourite, my adored Burns, I have often dreamed of translating, but no one knows better than myself that poets are untranslatable.

Of Heine:

A magnificent talent that had lost its way.

Of La Fontaine:

The greatest expressionist (I translate Barbey's coined word by another) in the French language.

Of Victor Hugo he was ever a scathing critic, and in a volume of short studies, recently reissued, the greatest French poet modern times have seen is described as "that Emperor of our literary decadence."

The Old Misunderstanding

As a postscript to her book Miss Betham-Edwards has reprinted an article by her in French, originally written for a French magazine, entitled "La France Vue De L'Angleterre." As a matter of fact this postscript deals not only with France seen through English eyes, but also with England seen through French eyes. The author knows both countries so well that she finds at once amusing and exasperating the old misunderstanding which is the heritage of the centuries, and which seems to continue to flourish despite every manifestation of the *entente cordiale.* Miss Betham-Edwards places a good deal of the blame for this on the novelists, who should know better. Is it surprising, she asks, that foreigners should have distorted ideas of French life in view of the books of Zola, of Maupassant, of Mirbeau? Then, too, in English fiction, it has been a tradition to seek "the villain of the piece" in France. For example, Mademoiselle Henriette, the maid in Dickens's *Bleak House.* Even the pretty French heroines of English novels are absurd, according to the ideas of Miss Betham-Edwards. In William Black's *A Daughter of Heth,* the young French orphan, placed in a very austere and unsympathetic Scotch environment, allows herself to be called "Coquette." "Coquette" she had been since childhood. As a matter of fact no well-brought up young French girl would ever have accepted such a nickname.

The English women of French novels are quite as ridiculous. To mention one, there is Balzac's Milady Dudley, with her "my dee" for "my dear." The creator of the *Comédie Humaine* did not take the trouble to spell correctly this pretty word of four letters. From her own personal experience Miss Betham-Edwards tells of some extraordinary French ideas about England. An educated Frenchman once asked her if there was not a law forbidding the English peasants owning land. Another man, whom she knew well, believed implicitly that in the Smithfield market of London one could see every day husbands driving in their wives at the end of ropes tied round their necks, and offering them for sale. It was the late Max O'Rell who told of an old châtelaine who once asked him seriously: "Tell me, Monsieur, you are acquainted with England. Are there railroads in that country?"

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The Effrontery of Moréas

Under the title of "L'Esprit de Jean Moréas," the French publication, *Mercure de France,* in a recent issue, prints a series of "sayings" of that poet which show that he had in a signal degree the quality of assured effrontery shared equally by Whistler and Oscar Wilde. For instance, when Jules Clarétie refused his "Iphigénie" on the ground that he already had two in the repertory of the Theatre Français, the Gallo-Greek retorted: "Clarétie doesn't understand what I have done. I have simply taken the subject that that prattler, Euripides, bungled, and treated it as Sophocles would have done." Of his friend, Paul Adam, he said: "I don't understand how it is he has never learned to write. Yet I have collaborated with him." One night, the talk having turned upon the poet, Fernand Gregh, whose reputation started with some verses that were generally attributed to Verlaine, the remark was made that his work would last. "No doubt," replied Moréas, consulting his watch, "since you have been talking of him twelve minutes already." Invited by a *grande dame* to attend her salon, he refused, saying: "What need have I to know those people? Is it not enough that they know me?" Advised of the willingness of another lady of literary pretensions to receive him, he confided to a friend that he did not dare to call without knowing anything of her books. "Well," he was asked, "what prevents you from reading one of them?" "I do not dare," replied the poet coldly. One day he said: "People who have themselves cremated are idiots." Then, after a silence, "I shall have myself cremated," explaining, "I am the only one who can do it: I am an ancient Greek."

Casanova

The career of Moréas marks a spirit of cosmopolitanism in the present age similar to that which pervaded the eighteenth century when Paris drew crowds of adventurers, literary and otherwise, from every corner of Europe. Among these, one of the most famous, or infamous, was the Venetian, Jacques Casanova, who, after having for a century led a clandestine existence in his *Mémoires,* as an exceedingly shady and disreputable personage, is now undergoing a striking rehabilitation as an historian and man of letters. The account of his wanderings from capital to capital which fills eight volumes, is being carefully studied for the light it throws upon the life and manners of the times, and scholars are endeavouring to control the veracity of each incident in order to establish the often questioned authenticity of the work as a whole. Such a scholar is Edouard Maynial, who, among other things, takes up Casanova's report of his interview with Voltaire at "Les Délices," in his volume entitled *Casanova et Son Temps.* He also considers the relations of his hero with several modern writers

JEAN MORÉAS

who have shown their familiarity with the *Mémoires* in their writings, among them, Henri de Regnier and Pierre Loüys. If he had known her *Valley of Decision,* he might have added Mrs. Wharton, who, in the episode of the Venetian convent, gives every evidence of having read Casanova. There can now be little doubt that the recrudescence of interest in the picturesque and rascally Venetian will soon lead to the publication of a new edition of his *Mémoires,* the manuscript text of which has undergone serious alterations at the hands of successive editors. Arthur Symons, a few years ago, visited Dux, in Bohemia, where

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the adventurer spent his declining years as a secretary and librarian to Comte Waldstein, and found several missing chapters as well as great bundles of letters. The results of his researches were summed up in an article entitled "Casanova at Dux," which appeared in both French and English magazines, and did much to stimulate the revival of interest in the adventurer. Perhaps, were it not for the grave illness that has suspended all literary work on his part, Mr. Symons would become the definitive editor of the *Mémoires*.

Henri de Regnier

Speaking of Henri de Regnier in connection with Casanova, reminds us that this most famous among the younger generation of French poets has been recently elected to the French Academy, where he reinforces the present rather weak poetic representation, and becomes one of the youngest members. Many of our readers will recall his visit to this country some years ago when he lectured and read, superbly, the sonnets of his famous father-in-law, Jose-Maria de Heredia.

The Last of a Group

The death of Alexander Charles Lecocq removes one of the last of the group of French composers whose opéra-bouffes were household words a generation ago. How much their popularity is a thing of the past was shown in the recent revivals of Lecocq's best known operetta, "La Fille de Madame Angot," which originally ran for five hundred consecutive nights at the Folies Dramatiques in Paris and was scarcely less successful when first produced in New York with Marie Aimée in the title rôle. Neither Oscar Hammerstein nor the Metropolitan Opera House management seemed able to galvanise into it a semblance of its old time sparkle. But the extraordinary vogue of this genre was due to its faithful reflection of the spirit of the Second Empire; and this very quality is in large measure responsible for its lack of hold on the newer generation of amusement-seekers. Nevertheless, there is something of pathos in the thought that Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, Audran and their brilliant compeers have finally ceased their labours and that opéra-bouffe is really dead.

"The King of the Mumpers"

The eighteenth century produced an inexhaustible crop of queer characters, and Mr. John Fyvie has selected six of them for portrayal in his *Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era*." Of these the most singular and interesting is one whose name constantly recurs in the literature of the period, but of whom it is difficult for the general reader to find any satisfactory account. This is Bamfylde-Moore Carew, the professional beggar, or "King of the Mumpers," as he was known among his gypsy associates in the west of England. The son of a gentleman, Carew early showed a disposition for the roving life by running away from school and joining a gypsy band. All attempts to reform and reclaim him failed, and he passed all the best part of his life in wandering up and down the countryside and imposing upon the credulous by his wonderful arts of impersonation. He could pass himself off with equal ease as a shipwrecked sailor or a poor woman whose home had been destroyed by fire. His accounts of his fictitious misfortunes were always most circumstantial, and his appeal was nearly always irresistible. He could impose even upon his friends and relatives, and many amusing stories are told of tricks that he played, and of the wagers that were made upon his powers of deception. Indeed he was regarded, Mr. Fyvie tells us, rather as a public entertainer than as an ordinary mendicant, and not only was generally treated with leniency by local magistrates, but was even hospitably welcomed by them in their houses. This, however, was not invariably the case, and besides receiving two whippings, he was clapped into prison on sundry occasions, and was once even sentenced to deportation. Taken to America to be sold in the colonies, he had varied adventures, which included a sojourn among friendly Indians who wished to make him their king, and a visit to

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William Penn, from whom he secured aid through representing himself as the son of a needy clergyman. Toward the end of his life he dictated his memoirs to one Robert Goadby, who wrote *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Bamfylde-Moore Carew.* While this is without literary or interpretative value, and is mainly a plea for imposture and indiscriminate almsgiving, it has some significance as the forerunner of a type of book that found full artistic development in the nineteenth century. For Carew was the first of a company of men whose works are relished in our time. As Mr. Fyvie says: "The restlessness, the passion for the open air, and the constitutional reserve or aloofness, which are such prominent characteristics of all the vagabond spirits who have taken to literature—of Thoreau, of Richard Jefferies, of George Borrow, or of Mr. W. H. Davies, the poetic 'Super-tramp' of our own day—were his in full measure." These qualities plus some others relate him still more closely to another writer, the late Josiah Flynt, of whose character and career the reader, familiar with them, will often be forcibly reminded by Mr. Fyvie's account. The element of literary self-consciousness in Flynt was so slight and so merely the result of circumstances, that it would apparently have taken little to make of him a Carew, or of Carew a Flynt. The difference between them is almost entirely a difference of the age in which they lived.

A Prototype of Barry Lyndon

A second interesting personality of whom Mr. Fyvie treats is Andrew Robinson Bowes, who appears incidentally in the chapter devoted to the "fighting parson," Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., who was also one of the pioneers of modern personal journalism, and afterward as a leading figure in that entitled "A Hunted Heiress—the Countess of Strathmore." Lady Strathmore drew much undesirable attention to herself in London society and in the press by the indiscretion of her conduct in the early days of her widowhood. Bate, in particular, printed so many spicy paragraphs about the "Countess of Grosvenor Square," that her Ladyship finally declared that "any man who was brave enough to call out the editor of that vile paper"—the *Morning Post*—"and avenge her reputation upon his body should have both her hand and her heart." A half-pay lieutenant named Stoney took up the challenge and he and Bate fought a desperate duel with pistols and swords in a room at the "Adelphi" tavern behind locked doors. Five days later Stoney married the lady, whose name he assumed in place of his own. There is no need to give the subsequent history of the pair in this place, for it is all developed by a master hand in a great work of English fiction—Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon.* In Mrs. Ritchie's "biographical" edition there is found confirmation, in the preface to *Barry Lyndon,* that here was the original of Thackeray's creation. She says:

> The story of Barry Lyndon's marriage is evidently taken from a true history which concerns a noble family of which many strange legends are told. The family of Bowes dates from the Conquest, and we read that one of the ladies Strathmore was the sole heiress of this wealthy line. She was left a widow before she was thirty, and had many suitors, for she was charming as well as rich. This unfortunate lady was bullied into a marriage with a brutal adventurer, from whom she finally escaped by flight, barely saving her life.

Since the story is known to have served as a suggestion for the novelist, the extraordinary thing is that Mr. Fyvie should nowhere mention a circumstance which certainly enhances a hundredfold the intrinsic interest of his narrative.

Frances Powell Case

About ten years ago there appeared a book entitled *The House on the Hudson.* At the time the identity of the author was shrouded in some little mystery, and the writer of some paragraphs in the BOOKMAN about the story made the following guesses: (1) that the author was a woman; (2) that the name on her title page, "Frances Powell," was not her true name, but probably a part of her true name; (3) that she lived in, or very near, New York. All these guesses proved to be quite correct. "Frances Powell" in

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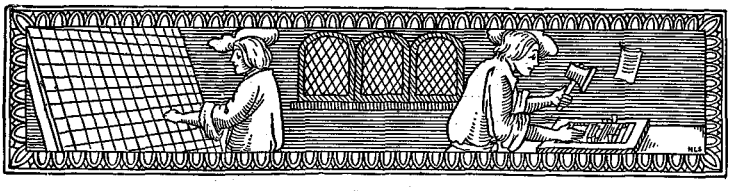
UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

Jules Eckert Goodman, the author of "Mother," was born in Oregon and graduated from Harvard. He was at various times connected with "Current Literature," "Outing," and "The Dramatic Mirror." He has had the following plays produced: "The Test," "The Man Who Stood Still," "The Right to Live," and "Mother." "Mother" is his first novel.

time emerged as Miss Frances Powell Case, who was born at Newburgh on the Hudson and who lives at Wainscott, Long Island. *The House on the Hudson* was followed by *The Byways of Braithe,* 1904; *The Prisoner of Ornith Farm,* 1906, and *An Old Maid's Vengeance,* which has just been published. In the new book the author for the first time has discarded America as a background. She finds her scene in an old villa on the Riviera that has been turned into a hotel. The leading characters, however, are American, and the story deals with the fortunes of Eleanor Ladorn, an American girl, who after an unfortunate love affair visits the old maid aunt at the Riviera villa.



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THE NEW ACT OF "THE BLUE BIRD"

"Light leads the children to the Land of the Happinesses, where all the common joys of every day are revealed to them as exquisite existences."

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PLAYWRIGHT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN all the arts a distinction may be drawn between works which are objective and impersonal and works which are personal and subjective. Creations of the former type seem to have sprung full-grown from their creators' minds, like Athena from the forehead of Zeus, and to exist thereafter as independent entities; whereas creations of the latter type come trailing clouds of glory from the minds that made them. It is the merit of certain works of art that they tell us nothing of their makers; but it is no less the merit of others that they tell us a great deal. It would surely be uncatholic to exalt one type above the other; and no comparison between them should be made for any purpose less disinterested than that of definition.

All art that is inefficient is impersonal, either because the artist has no personality that is worth revealing or because he lacks the power to reveal what personality he has; so that the distinction made above becomes valid only between the worthy works of worthy men. Only when art has risen to the level of efficiency can the question arise whether the artist shall strive to keep himself out of his work or to put himself into it. Of these two endeavours, the former is the more admirable from the technical standpoint, but the latter is the more engaging from the standpoint of humanity.

There is no denying that the supreme and perfect works of art belong to the impersonal, objective type. We do not know who made the Venus of Melos, and assuredly we do not care. The nameless sculptor may have been young or middle-aged; he may have been athletic and so

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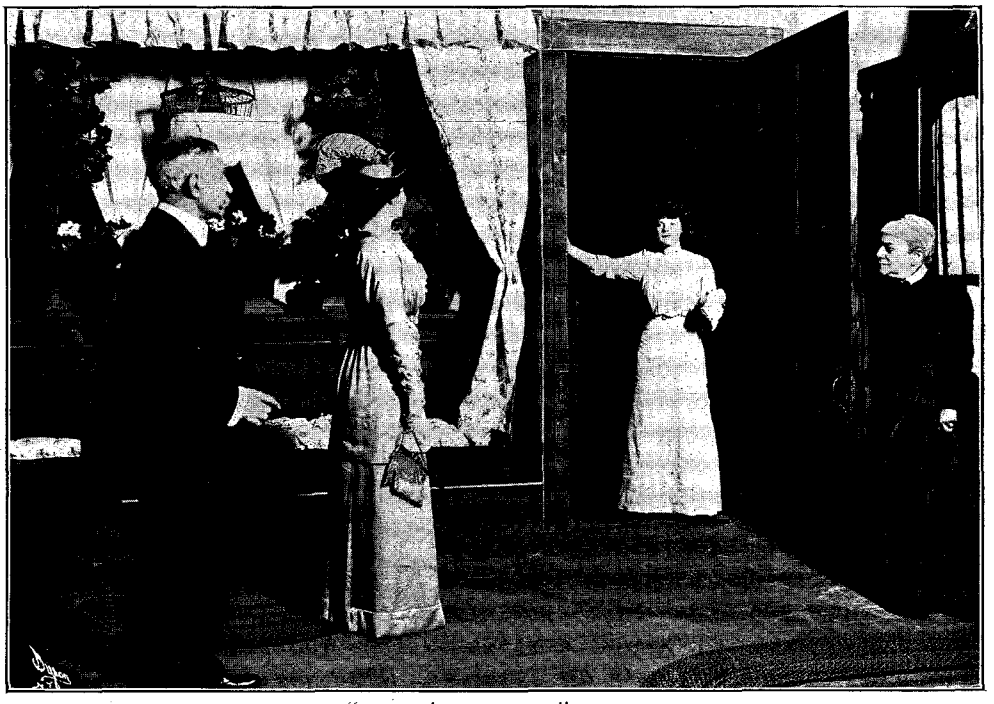
ciable or ascetic and morose; he may have loved drink, or he may even have been a vegetarian; the Venus does not tell us and we do not want to know. We read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* without really caring whether Homer was a man or a syndicate of balladists. The perfect works of architecture—like the Doric temple at Pæstum, the Roman Corinthian jewel-box at Nîmes, the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, or the Kings College Chapel at Cambridge—are entirely impersonal: they



"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER"—ACT I

"They left the child to be brought up by a peasant woman; and occasionally they condescended to visit their daughter in the guise of her guardians."

tell us a great deal about the epoch that inspired them, but nothing about the architects who designed them. In modern fiction, the most accomplished artists have worked impersonally. Jane Austen keeps herself out of her novels; and the short stories of Guy de Maupassant are utterly objective. What sort of man wrote *La Parure?* We may answer, "A great artist"; but that is all. So, in the drama, we find that *Œdipus King* tells us nothing about Sophocles; and though the keenest of English critics, Walter Bagehot, tried to induce a sense of Shakespeare's personality from a study of his plays, and later critics with less sound and more inventive minds have pursued this method to extravagant extremes, we notice that that one of all his plays which is the finest technical achievement—I mean, of course, *Othello*—tells us next to nothing about Shakespeare.

But if art at its most perfect is impersonal, we must admit that the obtrusion of the artist's personality in works that rank only a little lower than the highest is often an amiable imperfection. When Ulysses is discovered by the maidens of Nausicaä, it would trouble us if we had to think of the author as a blind old man; but—to take an instance of the other type—unless we do think of the author as a blind old man, we shall lose most of the poignancy and pathos of the opening of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. We prefer Chaucer to Spenser not because he is a finer artist, for he is not so fine, but because he reveals to us a more affable and human personality. Artistry, after all, is less ap-

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pealing than humanity; and Addison, who is an artist, interests us less than Pepys, who is a man. If artistry were everything, there would be no excuse for preferring the work of Giotto, who cannot draw hands and feet and whose perspective goes awry, to the work of Guido Reni, who is a practised and accomplished painter; but Giotto makes us love him so much that we overlook his inequalities of craftsmanship, and Guido bores us to such an extent by his conventional and vulgar mind that we are almost tempted to resent his skill in draughtsmanship. Mr. Howells, who is himself an objective artist and therefore an apostle of impersonality, comments adversely on Thackeray's tendency "to stand about in his scene, talking it over with his hands in his pockets, interrupting the action, and spoiling the illusion in which alone the truth of art resides" and condemns him as "a writer who had so little artistic sensibility, that he never hesitated on any occasion, great or small, to make a foray among his characters, and catch them up to show them to the reader and tell him how beautiful or ugly they were; and cry out over their amazing properties." This statement explains readily enough the grounds on which Thackeray must be regarded as a less accomplished artist than Jane Austen, or than Mr. Howells himself; but it fails to explain why most of us would rather read Thackeray. We return to *The Newcomes* again and again, not so much for the pleasure of seeing London high society in the early nineteenth century as for the pleasure of seeing Thackeray see it; and it is precisely in those moments of amiable imperfection which Mr. Howells has stigmatised that we find ourselves nearest to Thackeray and therefore nearest to our source of pleasure. When Mr. Brownell, in his marvellous destructive criticism of the short stories of Hawthorne, laid bare their weaknesses as works of art, he lost sight of the fact that our real reason for liking them is not because they are works of art, but because they are written by Hawthorne, and that to reveal the weaknesses of a man we love will only make us love him more. It is in this way that imperfect artists with engaging personalities get around the critics.

"EXCUSE ME"—ACT I

"The first and third acts are set in a sleeping-car. Into this constricted setting are crowded many characters; and these are moved about with extraordinary skill."

In the contemporary drama we are confronted by artists of the one type and the other, and it is difficult to choose between them. In New York this season, we have been shown a great example of objective art in *The Thunderbolt* and a great example of subjective art in the revival of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire;* and all that may be said by the critic who would

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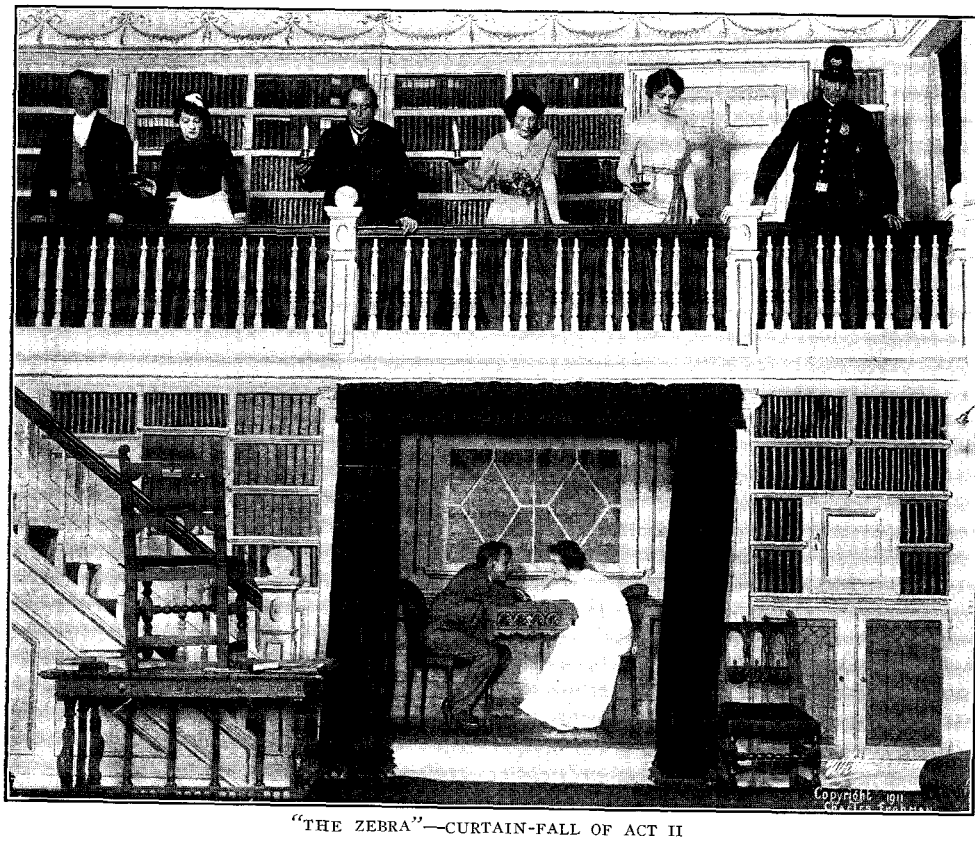
judge between them is that, although Sir Arthur Pinero is incontestably the greatest artist among contemporary English-writing dramatists, Mr. J. M. Barrie is nevertheless the best-beloved among them. The wonderful thing about Sir Arthur's characters is their apparent independence of their creator; but the wonderful thing about Mr. Barrie's characters is the sense they give us at all moments that they are creatures of his amiable mind. If we adopt for a moment the familiar definition of art as "life seen through a temperament," we shall notice that Sir Arthur emphasises the life we are looking at and that Mr. Barrie emphasises the temperament we are looking through. All that Sir Arthur values is the relations of his characters with each other; but Mr. Barrie values more intensely the relations of his characters with himself. Mr. Barrie appears not only as the author of his plays but also as the chief of all the auditors; he sits beside us during the performance, and nudges us or takes our hand at this moment and at that to make sure that we share his own delight at the unfolding of his comedy. But while we are looking at a play by Sir Arthur, we feel that the author has gone home to bed and forgotten all about it. Of course Mr. Barrie's habit of taking us into his confidence would annoy us as much as Mr. Howells is annoyed by Thackeray—unless we were fond of Mr. Barrie; but as it is, we feel it a personal favour that he should come to the performance with us and let us see it through his eyes. We like Mr. Barrie; and that is the sole and all-important reason why we like to see his plays. He may make a good play, like *The Admirable Crichton;* he may make a bad play, like *Little Mary;* but we enjoy them almost equally, because he enjoys them and has won us to enjoy what he



"THE ZEBRA"—CURTAIN-FALL OF ACT II

A conglomeration of conventional ingredients of farce.

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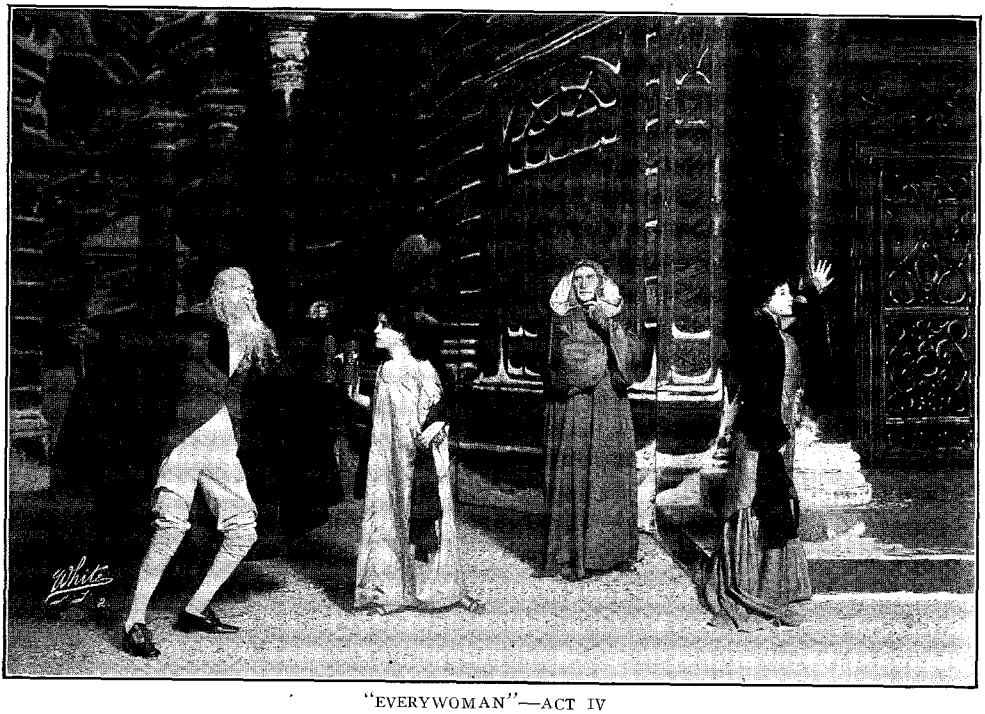
enjoys. But in the case of an impersonal artist like Sir Arthur Pinero, we lose interest unless he has fashioned for us an admirable work of art. When he writes *The Wife Without a Smile,* we will have none of him; and the fact that he must have liked to write it does not influence us in the least. Mr. Barrie, no doubt, is the spoiled child among our dramatists; if he chooses to construct badly, we let him have his way, for the illogical and overwhelming reason that he is Mr. Barrie and we love him. As for Sir Arthur, other hand, Mr. Barrie parades his fondness for his characters; so that sometimes we see his fondness more clearly than we see the characters, as in looking at Andrea del Sarto's paintings of Lucrezia we see his wife less vividly than we see the haze of sentiment with which he haloed her. In actual experience, all canons of art or lack of art fall down before the potency of personality. After years of technical analysis have convinced us that Burke writes great prose and Lamb writes imperfect prose, we find ourselves



"EVERYWOMAN"—ACT IV

Time calls Youth away from Everywoman

we cannot tell from his works whether we love him or not; all that we can tell is that we admire and appreciate his art. He keeps himself out of his plays, because, as an artist, he does not regard himself as a factor in them. Sir Arthur once told me in conversation that he personally loved the characters in *Mid-Channel* and *The Thunderbolt;* but he has carefully concealed from his audience the fact that he loves them. To the average audience those twisted and exacerbated people seem unlovable; and the audience infers that, if anything, the author must have disapproved of them. But, on the returning again and again to the *Dissertation on Roast Pig* (although we have no interest in the origin of cookery) and to *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist* (although in these days of Auction Bridge we have lost interest in the simpler game), merely because Charles Lamb is stammering and chortling through them and—we love Charles Lamb. The appeal of personality is unreasonable, and therefore as irresistible as the love of woman; and criticism, in dealing with personal, subjective works, should therefore cast reason to the winds and estimate only the affection they evoke.

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"Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" and "The Twelve-Pound Look"

It was mainly because of the atmosphere of affection that pervaded the theatre like incense swung from imaginary censers that the revival of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* afforded the most delectable evening that has been offered by the present theatre-season in New York. At this date it is no longer necessary to summarise the story of this amusing and amiable "page from a daughter's diary"; but a few observations may be noted in appreciation of its merits. In this play Mr. Barrie has set out to satirise the modern social drama, with its perpetual triangulation of husband, wife, and lover, by the clever expedient of showing it up as it appears from the point of view of a girl in her teens, who knows nothing of life except what she has gathered from realistic representations of it in the theatre. A course of assiduous theatre-going has taught her that what mature people call Life consists of an endless series of seductions, and assignations, and scenes at midnight in a man's rooms, and letters (there are always letters), and discoveries by irate husbands, and domestic catastrophes which can be averted only by saving people from themselves; and the unreality of her imaginings is revealed to her only when, after having followed her own mother and father and a bachelor friend of theirs through the conventional patterning of circumstances, she discovers that their relations are actually innocent and that Life may be more simple and more wholesome than the dramatists of the domestic triangle are wont to indicate. In order to accomplish the purpose of his satire, Mr. Barrie was obliged to follow technically the established outlines of the sort of drama he was satirising; and for this curious and second-handed reason, *Alice* is the best constructed of his plays. It is the one piece in which he has built his story as finely and as firmly as those objective artists who are not—as Mr. Barrie usually is—wooed hither and thither from the steady progress of their structure by some casual caprice or whimsicality.

"THE ARROW MAKER"—ACT I
The Medicine Woman loves the Arrow Maker

But *Alice* is also a development of two

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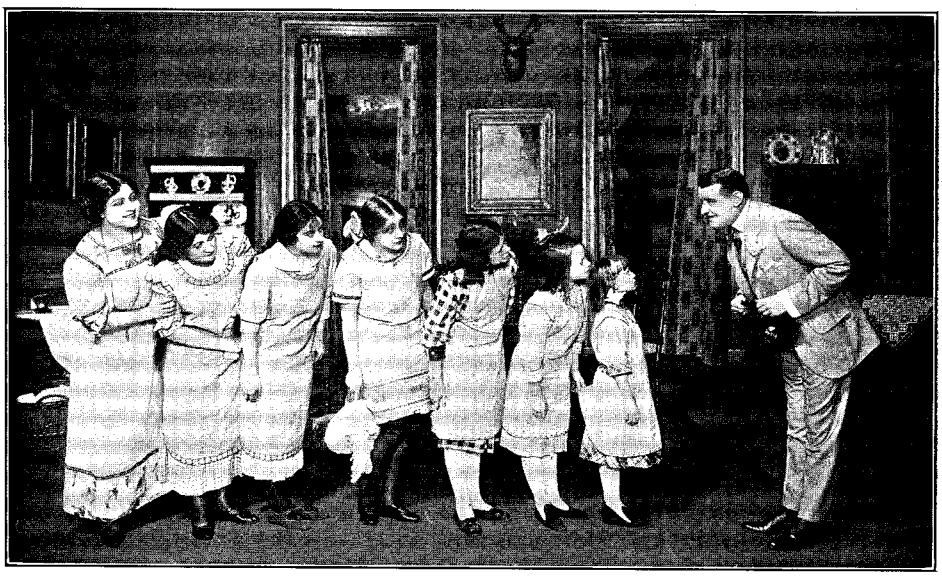
other themes, which are convolved with the primary satirical intention. The first is the touching and pathetic truth that children are originally strangers to their parents, as they are to everybody else; and that it is only by the delicate process of making friends of them that parents can bind their children to themselves in any real relation.. Alice and her husband are Anglo-Indians [her husband is a colonel in the army]; their children have been sent home to England and been brought up apart from them; and when they themselves retire and return, they find their children strangers, and have to backward with a glorious regret, upon the scanty score and a half of years which comprise the ripeness of a woman's life. The speech in the first act about the girl's emergence to the wonder of sex-consciousness is so tremulously gentle that it touches us to tears; but it is eclipsed by the almost intolerable beauty of those speeches in the last act wherein Alice says farewell to the fulness and the glamour of the woman's life that lies behind her. There are passages in literature that appear trailing clouds of glory of which criticism can only reverently touch the hem; and this is one of them.



"SEVEN SISTERS"—ACT I

The piece is pleasantly Hungarian in local colour

woo and win them like any other human beings unrelated to them. The second of the subsidiary themes is more intimate and subtle. Alice has come home to England because her daughter has arrived at the age when she must cross the dark ferry from childhood to womanhood and will need to have her mother near her when she embarks upon that perilous transition. But Alice herself has reached the brink of that second and darker ferry in a woman's progress, when she must pass from the fulness of womanhood to the grey and backward-minded shadow-world of age. Thus we are shown two women, the one looking forward with bedazzled wonderment, the other looking

Alice Sit-By-The-Fire was presented in a double bill with Mr. Barrie's recent satire in one act, entitled *The Twelve Pound Look*. In this little piece, a boorish and vulgar man of business, whose god is social and material success, has at last attained the reward of being knighted, and is overwhelmed by a flood of letters of congratulation. He is obliged to hire a special stenographer to answer them; and the woman sent him by an agency turns out to be his former wife, who left him without explanation many years before and allowed him to get a divorce and marry for the second time. She now explains to him her real reasons for leaving him. There was not, as he

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had naturally supposed, another man; but she had merely grown tired of sacrificing her independence for his wealth. Therefore, as soon as she had been able by her industry to earn the twelve pounds necessary to pay for a type-writer, and thereby fit herself for an independent career as a self-supporting secretary, she had calmly left the house. She gives an emphatic jolt to the self-satisfaction of her former husband, and causes him considerable perturbation by bidding him beware of the moment when he shall see "the twelve pound look" awakening in his new lady's eyes. This little play seems just a little cynical and bitter; there is a new note in it which disturbs the amiable equanimity of Mr. Barrie's former plays; and while the piece is thoroughly enjoyable, it suggests an uncomfortable foreboding that if the author should follow up this new vein of somewhat acidulous satire, we might lose a childlike lover of life in exchange merely for another apostle of disenchantment.

The New Act of "The Blue Bird"

M. Maeterlinck's dream-drama of *The Blue Bird* was badly acted and badly produced at the New Theatre last October—a fact which I carefully avoided noting at the time, because it seemed inadvisable to discourage anybody from attending even an inadequate representation of this imaginative masterpiece; but it is a pleasure to record that, with a new cast and an entirely new pattern of stage-direction, it is now being presented in a manner that is thoroughly commendable. The present production is fully as superior to that at the Haymarket Theatre in London as the production of last autumn was inferior to the same pre-existent model; and it is to be registered to the credit of the New Theatre that the management was clear-sighted enough to make two distinct productions of the same great work during the course of a single season in order to rectify in the second the errors of the first.

The piece is now augmented by a new act which M. Maeterlinck wrote especially for the revival of the Haymarket production at Christmas-time in London. In this act the children are first led by Light to the Palace of the Luxuries, where they view many gorgeously overdressed creatures gathered about a rich banquet-table, eating when they are not hungry, drinking when they are not thirsty, and laughing when they are not merry. When Tyltyl turns his magic diamond, the Luxuries are stripped miraculously of their rich regalia, and revealed as fat and ugly creatures devoid of the real riches of life. Thereafter Light leads the children to the Land of the Happinesses, where all the common joys of every day are revealed to them as exquisite existences, and where among others they meet the Joy of Maternal Love, who is only their own mother transfigured by the faery vision. Artistically, this new act is inferior to the rest of the play, because it is more baldly allegorical and less mystically imaginative; but, as projected by Mr. Hamilton Bell, it is picturesque and pleasing to the eye, and serves to rest the imagination which has delved already into the profundities of the preceding scenes.

"Nobody's Daughter"

It is difficult to understand why the New Theatre should have imported *Nobody's Daughter*, a play by a certain Miss Symonds, who calls herself "George Paston," which owed its success in London merely to the personal popularity of Mr. Gerald du Maurier. The story is incredible, because it is false to life; and the author's treatment of it is immoral, because it is false to the immutable laws of human responsibility. The heroine of this play is an illegitimate daughter of parents who are comfortably established in society. At the time when the child was born, the parents were very young and very much in love with each other; both were unmarried and both were endowed with means; they had every motive to marry each other and no motive whatsoever for not doing so—except that if they had married each other, their daughter would have been legitimate and the author would have lost an opportunity for writing a play about them. Instead, the author tells us that they suddenly decided that their love was a mistake and their child in consequence an error; that they left the child to be brought up by a peasant woman; that almost immediately each of them fell in love with some one else

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and promptly married; that they continued for years to meet each other socially, their respective spouses being drawn into an *entente cordiale* of four; and that occasionally they condescended to visit their daughter in the character of her guardians. This incredible patterning of circumstances is expounded by the author as if it were the simplest thing in the world, and we are requested to admire the parents for their kindliness of heart. At the outset of the piece, the parents are scandalised to discover that their daughter has become betrothed to a young mechanic, whose prospects are very bright, and who is planning to take her to Australia, where an excellent position is awaiting him. One would judge from the behaviour of the parents hitherto that they would welcome this opportunity to get their daughter off their hands, especially as her lover is a good fellow in his way; but no! they are shocked at the proposal of their child to lower her social position by marrying a mechanic. Why the social position of an illegitimate child who has been discarded by her parents and brought up in a cottage by a peasant woman should be regarded as better than that of an inventive and industrious mechanic is a mystery that may be clear to the British mind but that seems insoluble to the American. To save the girl from sacrificing her social position, whatever that may be, the mother takes her into her own home for a protracted visit; and during this visit the mother's husband discovers the secret of the daughter's parentage. This occasions a domestic flurry in the household, during which the wife of the girl's father unexpectedly states that she has known the truth all along—but what does it matter, anyway? Then everybody agrees that to bring a child into the world and then deny it and desert it is merely a mistake; and since mistakes will happen, there is nothing to be done except that everybody should forgive everybody else. The daughter marries the mechanic after all, and every one lives happily ever after. The immorality of the play inheres in the fact that the author asks us to regard the mother as a wholly estimable woman and to sympathise with all her motives and those of the people who are involved with her in her abnegation of responsibility. The author permits her characters to shuffle off the most serious duties of life with a childish nonchalance, and then requests us to regard them as charming people. The dialogue is pleasantly written and some of the scenes are rather prettily conceived; but the piece is utterly trivial as a representation of life.

"Excuse Me"

Excuse Me, by Mr. Rupert Hughes, is one of those farces that derive their merriment mainly from a novel and clever trick of stage-setting. The action passes in an Overland Limited express train travelling from Chicago to Reno. The first and third acts are set in a sleeping car; and the second act is set in a combination car, with a smoking-room and bar at one end and a parlour and writing-room at the other. Into this constricted setting are crowded no less than twenty-five characters; and these are moved about with extraordinary skill by that accomplished stage-director, Mr. George Marion. Mr. Hughes is very happy in his choice of farcical types and unfailingly amusing in his dialogue. It is unnecessary to summarise any of the dozen different stories which are interwoven into the fabric of the action; but each of them is a pleasant bit of invention, and there are therefore no dull places in the play. *Excuse Me* is a bright and laugh-provoking entertainment and deserves the success it has attained.

"The Zebra"

The Zebra, on the other hand, which was adapted from the French of MM. Nancey and Armont by Mr. Paul M. Potter, is a very sorry attempt at farce. It is woven out of threadbare materials—two husbands who seek an excuse for philandering away from home, and in this case pretend, when they take a vacation from their wives, that they are spending the time in aviation in an air-ship called the Zebra, the usual fake spiritistic medium who produces apparent manifestations from the shadow-world, a general shuffle in which everybody makes love to some one he ought not to—these and other conventional ingredients make up a farce in which silliness takes the place of wit.

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Like most of Mr. Potter's pieces, *The Zebra* attempts to achieve naughtiness and succeeds only in achieving bad taste.

"Seven Sisters"

Seven Sisters, a domestic farce adapted from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh by Edith Ellis, offers a pleasing glimpse of foreign customs, because the adapter has had the good taste not to disturb the local atmosphere of the original. To most Americans, Hungary is only an operatic fairyland where everybody wears a colourful costume and dances the mazurka; and it is reassuring to observe in this little genre-study that life is just as actual and human in Hungary as it is in Massachusetts, though it is conducted according to conventions very different from our own. It is apparent in this play that matrimony is the only career that is open to Hungarian women of gentle birth, that in consequence they are trained from childhood with this single aim in view, and that to marry off a large family of daughters requires that a mother should be a mistress of the arts of diplomacy and social machination. The mother's task is complicated by a social convention that the daughters must be married off in the order of their ages, so that younger sisters must be kept down until each of their elders has successively achieved a husband. In the present piece, the fourth of seven sisters is a spirited and independent miss in her teens who has fallen in love with a lieutenant in the army and who conspires with him to put in execution various humorous intrigues which shall secure husbands for her three elder sisters and thus make her eligible to marry in her turn. The piece suffers somewhat from the monotony of repeating the same technical pattern from act to act; for each of the four acts culminates with the marriage of one of the four elder sisters of the family, and the auditor begins to worry a little lest the piece should be extended to seven acts for the purpose of providing husbands for the three remaining children. Also, although the play opens in an atmosphere of amiable domesticity and has at first the look of a comedy of character, it shifts in the later acts to a comedy of incident, and the narrative expedients become more mechanically farcical as the story is developed. But the characters are humanly and humorously drawn, and the piece leaves an agreeable impression of wholesome homeliness.

"Everywoman"

If the history of art teaches anything at all, it teaches us that the development of artistic method is evolutionary, and that therefore nothing may be gained, though much may be lost, by a deliberate reversion to a discarded type. Yet every now and then some group of painters—let us say—having discovered that Giotto, who was a great and amiable man and the most eminent painter of his age, could not draw successfully the human foot, proceed to draw feet as badly as they possibly can, and persuade themselves that they have reachieved Giotto's greatness by recapturing his crudity; whereupon they call themselves Primitives (or adopt some other label with a capital letter) and appear in public with uncustomary neckties. There seems to be a notion prevalent that there is something inherently "artistic" about any imitation of the antiquated; and that since our forefathers made furniture with an axe, a man must be lacking in æsthetic appreciation who enjoys the comfort of a Morris chair—which was invented by a modern poet and is made with a machine. Dante believed that the sun revolved around the earth, and Shakespeare thought that Bohemia was a desert country by the sea; but a modern poetaster cannot logically expect to set himself in their class as writers and as men by cultivating an ignorance of cosmogony and geography. Great artists are always contemporary with themselves.

The nameless author of the Dutch *Elkerlijk,* which early in the fifteenth century was translated into English and acted with the title of *Everyman,* managed to express a profoundly poetic vision of life and death through the medium of a type of drama that the theatre, in its evolutionary progress, discarded as primitive and crude more than three centuries ago; but that is no sufficient reason why in this age of Sir Arthur Pinero an author should be praised for writing an imitation of *Everyman.* Yet the monstrosity entitled *Everywoman,* a modern morality

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play by the late Walter Browne, has been rapturously hailed by the press and by the public as the worthy achievement of a worthy literary endeavour. It is considered imaginative because the heroine is named Everywoman instead of being named Jenny; it is considered literary, because on the programme the acts are called "canticles," and because the actors speak a jargon that is neither prose nor verse; and it is believed to teach a deep and noble moral lesson, because it takes two hours to tell by means elaborately indirect that a woman who yields to the seductions of passion and subsequently sells herself for wealth loses successively her modesty, her beauty, and her youth. The old morality plays, like *The Castle of Perseverance,* happened out of place, out of time, in a realm abstract and universal; but the author of the present imitation of them abnegates this sole artistic advantage of the type by localising three of his acts—I mean "canticles"—in New York at the present day. One of the scenes is set on the stage of a metropolitan theatre; and the lofty art of allegory is maintained by calling the chorus-girls by such names as Curves and Shape. Another scene is set in Broadway on New Year's Eve; and a crowd of actual people blowing horns mingles indiscriminately with the allegorical abstractions. One of the characters is called Nobody; and most of what passes for wit in the dialogue is achieved by the desperate expedient of punning on his name. The scenery is garish, tawdry, and obviously expensive; most of the costumes of the female characters are meretricious; the story is commonplace, laborious, and unillumined by any liveliness of fancy; the lines are wretchedly written, in some semi-metrical medium of language for which criticism has no name. The whole concoction is monumentally vulgar—in the etymological meaning of the word; it will therefore be approved by the populace, and lauded by the unenlightened as a masterpiece of art.

"The Arrow Maker"

The main artistic merit of *The Arrow Maker* as a theatrical production is that the scenario afforded Mr. Hamilton Bell a notable opportunity for the display of his beautiful artistry in designing the scenery, the costumes, and the properties. As a play, Mrs. Mary Austin's effort is ponderous and slow-moving; and as a literary composition, it is laboured and rhetorical. The action passes in the foot-hills of the California Sierras at some undetermined time prior to the appearance of white people; and all the actors in the story are members of the Sagharawites, a small tribe of the Paiute Indians. The Medicine Woman of the tribe is set apart from ordinary human intercourse and consecrated to communion with the gods. Nevertheless she loves the Arrow Maker, who visits her in secret. On the eve of battle with a neighbouring tribe, the warriors of the Sagharawites take counsel of the Medicine Woman concerning the selection of a leader; and persuaded by her love, she contrives that her incantations shall secure the election of the Arrow Maker. Subsequently, actuated by ambition, he marries the daughter of the chief. The Medicine Woman comes unbidden to his wedding; and in an outburst of passionate jealousy, she discloses his former relations with herself, curses his bride, and retracts from the service of the tribe the assistance of her supernatural powers. As a result, the tribe is subsequently defeated in battle and reduced to famine; whereupon the Arrow Maker is deposed from his leadership, and the Medicine Woman, finally appeased, brings her magic once again to save the tribe from ruin. There is nothing in this quite ordinary story of a woman's jealousy that is necessarily indigenous to the prehistoric setting that the author has chosen for it. If a mediæval nun were substituted for the Medicine Woman and the tribesmen of the Sagharawites were supplanted by mail-clad knights, the essential story would remain unaltered. It would therefore be an error to regard Mrs. Austin's play as a special study of the peculiar emotions of the primitive red-man. The piece is Indian only in its setting. The story, as Mrs. Austin has developed it, would serve better as the libretto for an opera than as a play. In the theatre the action moves so slowly that the audience is wearied. The dialogue is written in a rhetorical prose that is monotonously magniloquent. Mrs. Austin is supposed to know all about the Indians; she has lived among them.

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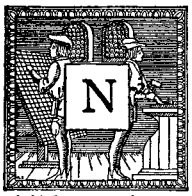
Can it be possible that they are unable to conduct a simple conversation about ordinary matters without couching their remarks in sentences that are lengthy and elaborately literary? Don't the Indians ever say, "I'm tired"?—must they always say, "My body is overborne with weariness, my muscles flaccid with fatigue"?—I admit that I have invented, and not quoted, the foregoing illustration; but it will serve. I don't know anything about the Indians; but I should imagine that primitive people moved by strong emotions would think quickly and talk directly. Mrs. Austin's Indians seem to have spent the leisure hours of their childhood reading out loud the *Eleanora* of Edgar Allan Poe and the *Rasselas* of Dr. Johnson.

THE TEXT-BOOK GAME AND ITS QUARRY

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



OVELS may come and go yet text-books go on forever. Novels are always in hand, but there are often wide stretches between our own school days and those of our children when the existence of the text-book is forgotten. Yet there is probably no phase of the book business so complicated and so important as that which deals with these manuals of education. School-book publishing is practically an industry of the last sixty years. Before that it was extremely difficult to obtain a publisher, since little capital was attracted to that line of business. Children often had several kinds of texts on one subject in the same class, and teachers had little information of what was being published. Now everything is different: care and perfection are watchwords; circulars and agents have made information concerning each new book a matter of daily knowledge. To-day, too, about eighty houses devote themselves to feeding the demand of young reaching minds, and with some exceptions are dealing exclusively with text-books—one firm, for example, has a list of nearly three thousand; while others make their miscellaneous publishing solely possible through the earnings of their educational department. The wide attention which is being given to systematic instruction, the close correlation of grades from kindergarten to post-graduate research, the growth of the public and high school, combined with the large increase in teachers has tended, quite naturally, with added altitudes to broaden the horizon and make text-book publication limitless and competitive.

There is no Harriman to-day who could possibly bring these various houses harmoniously together; and though there are dominating influences continually at work, the very nature of the business prevents a trust in spite of such statements in general and several State indictments in particular. Some twenty years ago, it is true, forty firms came to an agreement to control the market, to regulate the price of books and their placement, but within a short while an equal number of publishers sprang up in different parts of the country and compelled competition, which proved a somewhat disconcerting corrective of monopoly. It was found impossible to prevent authors from writing, presses from printing, and school boards from accepting rival text-books. Indeed, four or five firms are all powerful by reason of their wealth, impetus and indefinite lists, but there are any number of small firms that have a "big seller," which gives an ever-impending power for further encroachments. True, also, a few States are practically "owned" by certain firms, but, on the whole, competition is possible though the situation is open to notorious abuses.

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SOME ABUSES OF THE GAME

It is not the intention of this brief paper to give the impression that the text-book business is built upon a scarlet past or is living in a dark present. On no other basis than mere economy honesty is cheapest. Scratch a publisher, however, and you find a human being who must adapt himself to conditions. It is conditions and not the publishers which are at fault, and erring from technical honesty has its obvious excuses. Indeed the abuses which float so readily upon the surface of any discussion of the text-book situation are the normal ones which seem spontaneously to spring into life wherever business and politics touch; and in the placing of text-books with school boards, necessarily under political influences, rests most of the criticism which formerly and even yet is directed against the whole business.

It would be futile to deny their existence. The graft arises from the fact that usually a small board or one man chooses which books thousands of children shall use. The choice cannot always be based on merit, as the school superintendent or member of the board is more often the product of political preferment than of any particular educational sagacity; hence the choice must be made on the inducements the publisher can make—or on what the corrupt official may demand. Merit may also be a fortunate incident, but it unfortunately goes sometimes hand in hand with the open palm.

The method of controlling a school board was an old one—through "the boss"; contributions to the campaign funds was the most usual and "seeing" certain individuals likewise important. In return large orders for particular books were given. For years Buffalo and Rochester were practically closed to all but one company. If the reader cared to go further into this phase of the situation there are all sorts of legislative and municipal "investigations" available with evidence of this corruption. Much of it, too, was prompted by the desire of the "agent" to get a large order for his firm—and the means employed were not inquired into. It is necessary to emphasise, however, that this is to a large extent passing: the awakened suspicions in the average citizen of all those holding office has tended to increase the scrutiny of acts, and, further, publishers have likewise been resenting the "strikes" made upon their coffers. Abuses, too, of this sort are limited to public schools and hardly encroach upon the college field. College professors have more preferences and their positions can compel them, while elementary school-teachers must follow the flock. In college merit almost exclusively rules except sometimes in the cases where teachers use their own books. For their own purposes, no doubt, their books may be best, but all books thus published are done so for the very natural virtue of having a certain definite yearly sale guaranteed.

Another phase of this union of politics with text-books is to be noticed in the attitude of school men on the board toward their own publications. It is an obvious field for personal profits. Merit had little to do with a certain superintendent in Chicago who was anxious to have his unpublished speller adopted by the school board. Upon investigation it was found to be useless and could not have found a publisher unless because of its acceptance by the board with a guaranteed fifty thousand sale. In 1904, further, Senator Dowling, of New York, introduced a bill providing "no school officer or employee shall have or receive for his own use any funds, perquisites or royalties arising out of such employments, authority or interest in books used in any public school in the city of New York, or in any school that participates in the school funds of the Board of Education." This was ostensibly aimed at a certain superintendent of schools who, according to the Comptroller's report, had sold 97,852 copies of his own books at a cost to the city of nearly $98,000. The same report showed two subordinates, connected with the board, who between them had sold nearly $45,000 worth of their own books.

THE PRESENT TREND

Education, more and more utilitarian, is fighting to get upon a scientific basis, and the register of this change rests as much in the text-book as in the teacher.

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It is not the place to discuss the faults of teaching—the superabundance of women with the resulting effeminisation of the boys, the absence of men due to bad salaries, and the large number of transients who use instruction as a temporary means of bettering themselves—yet, in a way, these conditions affect the text-book. Publishers must meet the market, and there is a growing complaint among the authors of text-books because they must make concessions in their scheme and allowance in the treatment of their subjects for the incapacity of many ill-fitted teachers—especially as found in the more elemental grades.

Education to a large extent is in the hands of the publisher. The old order of books is passing—new types of texts are coming into use with the gradual evolution of new theories of instruction and pedagogics. The publishers on the whole are adequately meeting this demand, for large sums alone are spent in finding texts which will have wide popular appeal. But there are many cases where the commercial expediency of getting rid of stock in hand—books which have been published but have been surpassed—has stood in the way of advancement. This is merely the normal function of any business; it is only mentioned to show how practical propositions may keep alive things better dead. On the other hand, the large residue of an old edition has, of necessity, been thrown aside to make way for the normal sale of a new edition. Books supplant each other, and with few exceptions the life of every text-book is short.

The introduction of the "Froebel idea" of connecting ethics with action and of appealing in the child's studies to the dramatic has done much to change the more elemental books. But the entire field is becoming systematised. In spelling, education is escaping from the tyranny of mere letter-for-letter word getting—children are being reached through a sense of pleasure and are learning to read by spelling and to think in pictures rather than in letters. The whole scheme of reading is different. We are escaping from the platitudinous commonplace and trying in a milder way to offer the child the same books we give the grown-up—modified somewhat, of course, but dealing primarily with the highest in literature and the classics. Better subject-matter is thus offered the young mind. In arithmetic sharp distinctions are being made between the commercial and the theoretical. Text-books are made upon two plans: the oldest, by a topical arrangement in which a subject is thoroughly treated and not returned to at all: and the so-called "spiral" method, where there is a continual returning to each topic with a higher treatment. The present tendency is a merging of the two. In grammar there is a gradual breaking from the old "rule and definitions," but no distinct trend is observable, though in rhetoric, under Professor Wendall and the late Professor George Rice Carpenter, the direction is pointed and definite.

So far as text-books themselves are concerned, histories and geographies perhaps, because of the nature of the subjects, are under more constant change than any others. They must both be kept up to date. Geographies are of two kinds: physical and commercial—the latter becoming more and more important, for children are taught more about trade winds and environmental influence than about locations as such. The changes in border lines, the fruits of conquests, the results of new discoveries, all necessitate constant revision—also the continually varying human interest, the new census and the resulting statistical data continue to make new editions frequent. Then, too, each State often has its own special edition, necessitated by school boards, with special emphasis upon local conditions. It can readily be seen how the mere passing of time compels equal revisions in the average school history, and it may be said here that not infrequently certain histories are coloured by types of ethical and political convictions entertained by authors and publishers.

THE FINANCIAL END

It is quite obvious that, generally speaking, text-books cost more in proportion than the ordinary novel: the oddness of the plates, the multiplicity of illustrations and great number of notes with the corresponding difference in

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"make-up" contribute to this end, also the special fact that covers must be of extra durability. There is frequently, too, a large initial outlay, as, for example, a well-known geography which cost twenty thousand dollars before it was even published. The marginal profit on each book is scarcely ten per cent. of the cost of production. Unforeseen mechanical difficulties will tend to add expense—an extra plate or so—in the close figuring necessary may wipe out all the profit. A fifty-cent book which retails at thirty-five cents probably costs from about eight to twelve cents for binding, which brings the actual cost to nearly fifteen cents: deducting the author's royalty of six to ten per cent., the rest of the expense goes into the placing of the book. It is this last item which tends to make books more than necessarily expensive even if they are cheaper than they were. The whole system to-day is one of useless extravagance, though it is hard to see how it could be remedied. One firm has seventy men travelling for it at a yearly cost of from twenty-five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars per man, with an additional cost of living expenses—legitimate and otherwise. All of this in proportion must come out of each individual text-book before it begins to show the semblance of a profit.

Another thing which keeps up the price of books is the system by which boards of education insist the same book be used for several years by succeeding school children. If new books were ordered each year the cost of each individual book would in the nature of things be cheaper and school boards could purchase them in the aggregate for less than they now do a smaller number. Publishers have tried to urge this upon school boards, who, blinded to the sanitary arguments advanced as its chief advantage, are suspicious of the apparent paradox which would equally add to the publisher's profit. Again, the average school board insists a book should last three or four years, and if it does not, compels "returns" which are exchanged frequently two for one. One large schoolmaster demanded that four hundred books be exchanged even after the publisher found they had been in use five years! Besides this, the method of placing a book demands that at least three thousand complimentary copies be sent around for consideration. With a novel about one-tenth that sum is utilised for review purposes: the large amount of money spent is placed in newspaper advertising. Text-books, save in educational reviews, are seldom advertised. The freedom with which they are sent around is illustrated by the demand made upon a miscellaneous house for novels and other books, from members of school boards who have always had what they wished for the asking.

This generosity of publishers has led to some very ingenious inside graft. In a letter to *The Nation* some years ago Edwin Ginn, of Ginn and Company, best expressed this:

> Several firms have recently been established whose practice it is to correspond with and visit teachers and school officials for the purpose of buying from them the books which have been sent them for examination. So freely have these examination copies been distributed that thousands of teachers have found themselves burdened with books which they could not use in their work and which were consequently of little or no value to them. Moreover, this liberality on the part of the publishers has naturally given the impression to the teaching fraternity that the cost of these books is trifling; and they have thoughtlessly sold them into the market without realising the injustice they were doing to the publisher and author. So successful have these firms been in their canvass that it often happens that when an agent has secured a good adoption, the *publisher* does not sell a single copy of the book introduced! The order goes to the *dealer,* who is able to sell the books at a large discount and yet make a larger margin of profit than the publisher would expect to receive. Now these books were given away as complimentary copies for examination in the first place, and so the author received no copyright. In the final sale they are handled by these dealers, who of course pay the author no royalty. Consequently the author is robbed of the reward of his labour and skill and the publisher is deprived of his legitimate sales. It will thus be seen that the very liberality of the publisher has become one of his heaviest burdens.

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Concerning author's profits, many text-books are merely "edited," for which varying sums, from seventy-five to four hundred dollars, are paid. Royalties are fixed in two ways: the old English system which gives so much percentage on the published price, and the newer method of giving so much on the trade price, which is generally twenty per cent. less. The former has the advantage of being more open and obvious. Considerations are asked by the publisher when a large lump sale is made below the usual trade price discount, and this is shared in proportion by the author. The more elemental books pay between five and eight per cent., while the higher grades perhaps average ten per cent., and on some college books reaches fifteen per cent. Some publishers will give fifty per cent. of the profits. In contrast with authors stray publishers will provide that no royalty be paid on "introduction copies." This often ends in a loss to the author, as sometimes one-third of the sales are made this way. The publisher's point of view is that he should have some recompense to offset the enormous cost of introduction necessitated by conditions mentioned above and also the intense competition. Few authors, too, place money in their own books save in those of a more technical sort—as engineering—where the sale is normally limited and the plates expensive. For, the higher the grade of book, the smaller the sale: consequently the individual margin of profit on a college book of high price must be more than that on an elementary text-book. Generally speaking, on a ten per cent. basis of royalty author and publisher divide equal sums of profit, though in the field of fiction authors probably average a little better. The net profit depends frequently on whether a house deals exclusively in educational works; it has the advantage of a large machinery working easily in a most complicated business.

PAST AND PRESENT BEST SELLERS

Before the Revolution there were only a few scattered text-books save those which came from the mother country. Ezekiel Cheever of the Boston Latin School wrote an introduction to Latin known as *Cheever's Accidence*. The first edition of this was published in 1645 and republished as late as 1838. *Lily's Grammar* was also well known, being used up to 1766, over one hundred and fifty years after the author's death. It was of this that Cotton Mather said: "Persistency in the use of Lily's book will prolong the reign of the ferule." The first illustrated school book ever published, aside from the A, B, C primers, was John Amos Comenius's *Visible World*, in 1658. The title-page reads: "Visible World: or a Nomenclature and Pictures of the Chief Things that are in the World and of Men's Employment therein; in about 150 copper cuts." This was more of an illustrated dictionary than a child's reader, and for over one hundred years was the most popular book in Europe, being translated into fourteen languages. *Bailey's English and Latin Exercises, The Colloquies of Corderius and Æsop* and others were also very popular. These colloquies competed with three Greek books: a grammar, a testament and Homer. The famous *New England Primer*, in which knowledge went hand in hand with theology, was as much used as the Bible. The earliest speller was in seventy-two pages by Edward Coote: *The English School Master*, in 1596, contained a little of everything and lasted over a century. *England's Perfect School Master*, by Nathaniel Story, in 1676, was also, as Clifton Johnson points out, of the few which wandered to our shores. The most popular speller of the eighteenth century was Delworth's *A New Guide to the English Tongue*, published in 1740, with *Fenning's* a close rival. In the early days arithmetic was taught without text-books from manuscripts which schoolmasters had made under their teachers. *Cocker's Arithmetic*, in 1677, was among the earliest, followed by *Hodder's* in 1743. There were few geographies before 1830. In colonial days it was "a diversion for winter evenings," though Harvard made it an entrance condition in 1815. The pioneer in geographies was Jedediah Morse, born in 1761, who published his first geography in 1784. His later book, *Geography Made Easy*, was the most popular for many years.

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Monitor's Instructor, published by Wilmington in 1804, and others by Davis, 1813, Cummings, 1814, and Worcester in 1829, followed. *Peter Parley's Method of Telling About Geography* also came in 1829, with its plan to inculcate good morals with instruction. This had immense circulation and its rhymes were famous.

The world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air;
A sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

Parley's famous *Natural Geography* appeared in 1845, and this was really the first in the modern sense to have good maps because of the large and flat quarto size used.

It is a far cry from the enormously popular Franklin Square and Sunnyside song books used in the schools, and the old *Green Spelling Book* now under a glass case in the Congressional Library, to those on the desk before us. Even the books of thirty years or so have passed. No longer rhymes like this:

Little Jack Snook
Was fond of his book,
And was much beloved by his master.
But naughty Jack Spry
Has got a black eye
And carries his nose in a plaster.

Space forbids more than a surface scratching of recent educational best sellers. Figures are difficult to obtain, and a list would be merely a long catalogue. As has been pointed out above, the more elemental the book the greater the sale; consequently primers and sellers have reached the highest figures. Readers are sharply graded—generally eight different readers for the eight grades in school. Some houses carry an entire series, while others only cater to the elementary need. *The Howe Readers* have sold over five million in Indiana alone; the *Cyr Readers,* by Ellen M. Cyr, have made the publishers rich; Eulalie Osgood Grover's *Sunbonnet Babies* has been for years one of the very largest selling primers; and the *Summer's Readers,* by the late Maude Summer, are achieving equal popularity. *Baldwin's, Judson and Bender's, Barnes's,* and *Jones's First Reader* have all sold into the millions. *Little Nature Studies,* by John Burroughs and edited by Miss Mary E. Burt, the first real nature book in the country, has already sold over five hundred thousand copies. Frank Stockton's *Fanciful Tales,* the best seller in the Scribner School Reading Series, has reached over one hundred thousand in sixteen years. In this same series Howells, Eugene Field, Cable and Mrs. Custer are to be found. Mrs. Custer's book, made of extracts from *Boots and Saddles* and *Tenting on the Plains,* took a large spurt, especially in Michigan, immediately after General Custer's statue was unveiled. Kipling's stories, arranged for children, have also made an impression, "Mowgli" especially appealing to teachers as a type adapted for instilling in the child self-government and simplicity. A somewhat similar aim is obtained in the *Adventures of Pinocchio.* This classic has sold over two million copies in the original Italian, and is now a big seller here. Written by Collodi, a pseudonym, it teaches intellectual development through self-activity. This greatest Italian fairy story tells of a little wooden boy who becomes real when he learns to take care of his father and to think of somebody besides himself. Its ethical trend commends it especially to those who are endeavouring, as has been said, to emancipate the reader from the platitudinous. *Poems Every Child Should Know* and *Prose Every Child Should Know,* by Mary E. Burt, have reached about one hundred thousand. The one hundred and fifty volumes of Macmillan Classics selling at twenty-five cents a piece, have reached nearly five million. Some of these volumes—as *Ivanhoe, Silas Marner* and *Shakespeare*—sell twenty-five thousand a year. Reed and Kellogg's *Graded Lessons in English,* in three books, has sold over five millions. Probably the largest speller is Reed's *Word Lessons,* which has brought the author royalty on four million copies. Hyde's *Language Lessons* has also reached high figures, and one recalls the great success of Webster's *Spellers,* and MacGuffey's. It has been said the former reached over twenty-five million. The Wentworth Series, comprising some fifty volumes, is used in over two-thirds of the schools in

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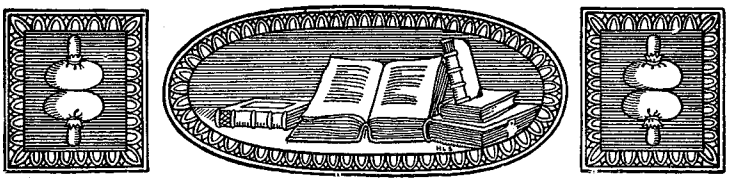
the country. It alone has made publishers and author rich. Robinson's *Arithmetic,* Loomis's *Geometry* and Spear's *Arithmetic* have been likewise popular.

Montgomery's *Histories* have had a sale in the millions, and Eggleston's *Short History of United States* and McMaster's have also gone over a million. *Epochs in American History* has kept up its sale for many years. Ridpath's first *History of United States,* as used in the public school, is in the million class. The author was paid one thousand dollars for the work which made his publishers rich. In this connection it may be interesting to record that his *History of the World,* with which two or three publishers cleared over a half million a piece, having sold over five hundred thousand subscription copies, was written by him in six years at a yearly salary of three thousand dollars. Fry's *Geography,* Harper's *Geography,* Tarr and McMurray's *Geography* have attained a sale of over nearly three millions among them. One professor at Columbia has a royalty of eight thousand dollars a year from a commercial geography.

The American Science Series has had a wide vogue: Remsen's *Chemistry,* comprised of four text-books, has sold about five hundred thousand. Steele's *Fourteen Weeks' Course* in all sciences thirty years ago was the great seller in this type of book. It was more widely read than almost any other text-book. Walker's *Political Economy* has had in twenty-five years the largest sale of any book on the same subject. It was constantly revised until Professor Walker's death. Brander Matthews's *An Introduction to American Literature* has reached an enlarged edition after selling over two hundred thousand copies. It is to be translated for German schools and has been reviewed extensively abroad.

The foreign language text-book seldom achieves so great a sale as others mentioned. More Latin is sold than Greek, which has gone down in sales because of the pressure of utilitarian subjects. Latin is taught in fifty per cent. of the high schools, Greek in only five per cent. Less French text-books are sold than German, which because of its commercial application is being taught more and more. A beginner's Latin which sells fifty thousand a year is very unusual, there being only one book which approximately reaches that. The average sale is about ten thousand a year, and though the outside market is about sixty thousand for certain books, the second-hand houses cut into the publisher's sale. The publication of "ponies" or "trots" hurt the sale of certain books. A new book on Latin life by two well-known professors was refused adoption in certain school boards because a "trot" to it was published. Grammars, of course, sell the most—*Allen and Greenough* and *Harkness, Collar and Daniell, Fraser and Squair,* and *Chardenal* have all been very profitable. Professor Calvin Thomas's *Faust* has probably sold more than any other German text.

It will be sufficient from even this superficial list to show the large profits, as figured on even a small per cent. royalty, which these text-books earn, but like the novel and the play, there are only a very few, relatively speaking, which attain these commercial rewards.



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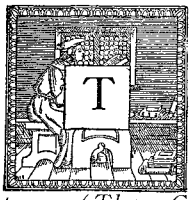
GUSTAV FRENSSEN



WO very different characters in Frenssen's novels are plainly autobiographical in a large degree—Heim Heiderieter, the lazy, pondering poet in *Die Drei Getreuen* (*Three Comrades*) and Klaus Hinrich Baas, the strenuous, imaginative, hard-headed, susceptible hero of the novel of that name. Like the Baases in Heisterberg, Frenssen's family has lived in the North Sea village of Meldorf as far back as the parish register exists. His father was a poor carpenter. Like Klaus Baas, Gustav Frenssen was an inveterate spinner of yarns, or "Robinsoniads," as he called the variations on Robinson Crusoe to which he treated his companions. He went to school at Meldorf, had trouble with the master and ran away to the Lyceum at Husum, where he occupied the room of the poet Theodor Storm. The peasants of Barlt lent him money raised by general subscription to go to the University of Tubingen, where he was as lazy as Heim Heiderieter was in his university days. At twenty-three, while at Tubingen, he submitted a short story of peasant life to the editor of a fashionable magazine, who returned it with the suggestion that Frenssen might try it on a Farmer's Calendar. The rebuff may not have been responsible for it, but later Frenssen tried a new line. "At twenty-eight," he says himself, "when I was a pastor, and married, I thought of writing again, and having no faith in myself, I wrote about a countess in a ruined castle." The result was *Die Sändgrafin*, a romance of some charm for its North Sea feeling, but of little distinction. Frenssen felt its lack of sincerity as much as any one. "In *Jorn Uhl*," he says, "I followed my own nose." And that is why *Jorn Uhl*, with its "real folks," woke Germany to a new and keen delight in simple people, and speedily passed the 200,000 mark.

Frenssen was a preacher for thirteen years, part of the time in his native Meldorf, and he declares that he owes his knowledge of people to his experience as a pastor. He knew these village folks absolutely. "A longshoreman from Dithmarschen," he says, "is my true affinity." He takes pains in several places to show his contempt for pastors that lose themselves in the ways of the world and in the formalities of their office, studiously trimming to get the approbation of men, and indistinguishable in polite society from any merchant or lawyer or Hamburg business man. Such is the minister Klaus Baas and Kalli Daus visit to get news of Kalli's renegade brother. "You know, Herr Candidate, how much is asked of me. To-morrow, for example, I have to go to an affair one of our very first merchants is giving: and you know that our wholesale merchants live very well indeed. That will last till midnight or so—and on Wednesday I am to go to the meeting of the Poor Children's Friends—Senator Hagen's wife is chairman, you know—to read a lecture on Goethe's Lyrics. And on Saturday there's a meeting of the Hamburg Historical Society. So you can understand that there isn't much time left for my studies in old Spanish." Kalli's final advice to the pastor's assistant, who is to be a pastor too, comes with force from Frenssen: "Well, you keep clear of all that nonsense the other one was talking about, do you hear? Always keep right down in the midst of the folks, remember," Kalli added with a sweeping illustrative gesture.

Frenssen gave up preaching, however, because he didn't like having to take himself as seriously as a minister is forced to in any case, because he didn't like not being able to get off the platform the world pertinaciously insists that ministers shall stand on. He decided that he could say exactly what he thought better in books than he ever could in a respectable sermon. If Frenssen were not so human, if his people were not so inexorably real, one would be tempted to say that the preacher appears here and there in his books. Perhaps Frenssen would be the first to admit it. "I have something of an old preacher's didactic way about me," he said once to a visitor, and here and there there is a tone of pastoral eloquence in his books. In *Hilligenlei* (Holy Land)

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Frenssen is avowedly preoccupied with a religious theme. And yet—the wonder of *Hilligenlei* is not in the analysis of Christ's life and gospel, but in the story of Kai Jans and of Anna Boje and of all the rest of the village folk.

For *Hilligenlei* and for two others of his novels, Frenssen used his native Meldorf as background. Several years ago he moved to Blankenese, a suburb of Hamburg, that he might prowl around the streets of Hamburg and study its people for his latest novel, *Klaus Hinrich Baas.*

As to his method of work Herr Frenssen's own statement is best. "I work slowly," he says, "and most of the time it hurts." He works several hours a day, he adds, but takes a turn after each half hour or so. He is always making entries in his notebook, which according to Mr. Schauffler, who reports a visit to him, he consistently mislays and calls for excitedly. He uses people inexorably. His sailor nephew has furnished him with extensive material of sea life. When Frenssen was writing his story of *Peter Moor in Southwest Africa,* without ever having been out of Germany himself, he invited veterans to visit him and pumped them on every conceivable detail, the depth of the rut made by the caisson, the colour of the soil, and so on. Many reviewers have noted the graphic quality in *Peter Moor.*

"My natural style," Frenssen says, "is short, epigrammatic, and a little jerky, like the Dithmarschen themselves." He recognises in himself always the qualities of his North Sea village folks. "We are heavy people, my wife and I. It comes, I suppose, from living in a low, lonely land, where people have always been poor and anxious, and suspicious and melancholy."

Frenssen's analysis of religion among men is a big subject. The Germans have thrashed it out in their long continued, animated discussions of *Hilligenlei,* with its exposition of a human Christ with a human gospel. This book raised in Germany at least as great a storm as *Robert Elsmere* once raised in England. But aside from *Hilligenlei,* there are in all Frenssen's books people who feel a restless desire to adjust a shrunken faith to a real need. "Now I'm finding out at last what's in the Bible," says the artist Laura Morgenstern to Klaus Baas, "and I must say there's a lot of nonsense in it. Take this Obadiah, for instance. Can you understand how he can help us nowadays? What has he got to do with my sins or worries? Klaus, do you think that religion can change a person's real nature?"

"Yes," Klaus said, "we are told that it changed Paul's."

"Get away with your Paul!" she said. "Talk about Laura Morgenstern, and Klaus Baas, and Losch the teamster, and people like that."

Again, Klaus, catechising Sanna before they are married, says, "You've still to answer the big old question—what's your religion?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think much about it," she said. "Not a single soul really knows what the truth of it is. I once made a resolve to say a prayer every night, and I still do it. It seems to make me have peaceful thoughts. But that's about all I can say."

"And I can't say any more," said Klaus. "It's too bad, I suppose, that it's so." Both, Frenssen adds, were of those who have lost a real belief in the old revelation of the eternal, and who, in doubt and discouragement, are always seeking a new one, because they find themselves between birth and death, between good and evil.

Frenssen's philosophy of life is not hard to discover. He does not believe too much in the "perfectability" of human nature. "We've got to take people exactly as they are," he says. His people are not converted—do not change their courses. The most they do is to recognise what manner of clay they are, and proceed, sadder and wiser, but the same. Frenssen usually gets his people to where, in the lead of their temperament, they have to go on. In *Three Comrades,* each one of the three, by his particular faults of character, nearly ruins his life; and the redemption of each is a very qualified matter. In *Klaus Hinrich Baas,* Klaus says to his wife, in speaking of their children, one of whom has a timid streak, another of whom is a little hard, "Nature blindly endows people with a collection of the gifts which their ancestors had. They may be useful or useless, good or bad. It isn't possible to break or reform

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the original character; nor is it right to blame or despise it. You can, to be sure, improve it a little. You can strengthen the weak somewhat, and soften the obstinate, and turn the mischievous toward good; and you can humble the arrogant and presumptuous a little." If Frenssen attacks anything in his books, it is what he calls the "stupid idealism" of church and school teaching, with its emphasis upon the vague "perfectability," which he disallows upon heroic ideals, upon cloudy presentations of the gospel of the Saviour and that of Schiller. All this fails to prepare youth for the realities of life, fails to teach necessary truths about race, sex, procreation, heredity, about "the real earthy, troubled nature of the body and the soul."

The worst Frenssen can say of any man is that he is afraid of life, afraid of realities. Strength is the great thing—the power that of itself develops into fervour and clarity. The strength may be passion—it is sacred if it is real and strong; it may be unconditional devotion to a cause; it may lead to disillusionment; but ultimately it will save. Frenssen likes to hunt down the things that keep people from being individuals, whether it be native weakness and dependence, complacency, false ideas and ideals, or the lure of culture and worldliness. Frenssen has no clearer scorn anywhere than he has for the minister who "managed to be German and Danish, have liberal and old church views, be pious and worldly, servant and lord, all at the same time;" or for Arthur Eschen, the Hamburg business and society man. "He had a quick way, characteristic of men in large cities, of discussing everything he saw and heard—business affairs, politics, people, arts, and sports—somewhat drolly and flippantly. The result was that he did not observe or think deeply about any one thing. He was much interested in anything that had to do with art, especially Parisian pictures and bronzes. Every year he and his wife spent several weeks in Paris, in a very gossipy, superficial study of art." This is not to say that Frenssen is contemptuous of cultivated interests. From his own avowal, however, it appears that he shares Klaus Baas's inability to understand how any one can live in them exclusively. Frenssen says that he never saw a piano till he was twenty, or an oil painting till he was twenty-five. He has yet to hear opera, he doesn't care for architecture, and he never saw a play until he was so old that *Julius Cæsar* struck him as "pretty artificial." Klaus Baas's position on all these points explains Frenssen's. At the culture parties Klaus, with a business crony, beats a retreat from the ladies talking about Florence in the time of the Renaissance, to a corner among the bronzes. And when he gets home he says to his wife, "Now that woman from St. Moritz—did what she was telling about interest you? It bored me awfully. What do I care about St. Moritz and Egypt and Rome? Those are for people whose hands have grown soft because their grandparents have spared them too much. I have got both feet planted right here in Hamburg, right here in the present." And again, "Klaus Baas, deeply rooted in his old peasant ideas of civilisation, like all simple strong-willed people of large purpose, saw life in three or four divisions, business, family, life abroad, and death." "Now just take that clever, cultivated Jew," Klaus says; "his mind is altogether taken up with the beautiful things of life; it's like a stately room hung with pictures, full of statues, and beautiful art objects, handsome rugs, and distinguished old books on the tables. In the room of my spirit, Sanna, there is still only a plain wooden table, with six chairs around it, occupied by my mother and father and the rest of my people. Around the walls of this plain room hang other pictures of my hard youth. There hasn't been either time or space for fine ornaments—and so the room has just stayed that way and is so now. I like to hear about those other things, but I can't be curious enough about them. I really can't take them seriously enough to enjoy them whole-heartedly."

Frenssen makes no ultimate judgments. When Jorn Uhl's friend proposes to write his story, Jorn says to him, "Say, 'Although his path led through gloom and great sorrow, he was happy, because he had humility and faith.' But don't say too many wise things, Heim. We can't unriddle it after all."

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LA MORGUE LITTÉRAIRE

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

A house for all dead books
Beside Oblivion's River
I saw the lone ghosts build
With hands Plutonian.
Its walls were wan and chilled
And only Time's faint shiver
Ran through it, not the blessed breath of Pan.

They built it at the foot
Of hoary Charon's ferry.
Its gate upon the tide
Stood like a mouth of fate.
And often to its side,
Mid souls death could not bury,
He brought within his boat the futile freight.

Grave History; or Song
That had no mighty pinions,
So dropped again to earth,
And under earth, to him.
Tales that no Muse gave birth
Within her fair dominions
He wafted o'er and ranged within it dim.

And soon unto its gate
From out the fines Lethean
Came many a phantom form
On foot that hung with dread—
Came lips that once were warm
And eyes despair made peon
When they beheld amid dead tomes their dead.

And some their hands would wring—
A usage of old sorrow
They had forgotten long
In that Tartarean vale.
And some amid the throng
In vain would strive to borrow
From memory a might to voice their wail.

But many merely gazed
And went away forgetting
To watch with listless tread
Old Charon flit and fare.
For these found not their dead
And knew that life was letting
Them still a little bide—but did not care.

A house for all dead books
Beside Oblivion's River,
Built by the barren shades:
Alas who shall not find,
Brought to him by the raids
Of Time, all breath's outliver,
What he had held immortal for men's mind.

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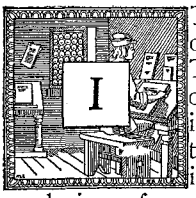
THE BEST TRANSLATIONS

BY CALVIN WINTER

PART II—THE MODERN NOVELISTS



IT is something of a paradox to speak of the Best Translations in English of the big foreign novelists of the nineteenth century. Here and there, it is true, some masterly rendering of a great original stands out conspicuously like a beacon light; but for the most part the best translations resolve themselves into a choice between evils. From the time when Edgar Allan Poe wrote his ironical review of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* down to the present day, there has been some improvement, but not much; in view of the prevailing public apathy, the wonder is that there has been any improvement at all. "Verily, the path of the translator is hard," wrote Lafcadio Hearn, in the early eighties. "The Messrs. ——— and ——— (naming two American publishers) are deluging the country with bogus translations or translations so unfaithful to the original that they must be characterised as fraudulent. And the great American public likes the stuff." And quite recently Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, the well-known translator of Zola, deploring the low standard of modern translation, says emphatically:

> At the present day, with respect to contemporary work, excellence in translation is scarcely to be obtained, for commercial conditions militate against it. An author may give years to the writing of a book, whereas the English translator is compelled to prepare his version in a few months, at times even in a few weeks, for it is often stipulated by the publisher that the translation must appear at the same time as the original. . . . Again, the prices paid for translation are usually so low that few men of real ability are willing to undertake them.

Hasty work by incompetent workmen—that is the main indictment of the great mass of English versions of foreign fiction. Slow and careful workmanship by a writer capable at least of making the translation approximate to the quality of style in the original, is only the most rudimentary qualification for the successful translator.

The following words of Edgar Allan Poe, although applied by him to translation in general, were made apropos of a particular novel and apply with special emphasis to fiction:

> There is one point (never yet, I believe, noticed) which, obviously, should be considered in translation. We should so render the original that the version should impress the people for whom it is intended just as the original impresses the people for whom it (the original) is intended. Now, if we rigorously translate mere local idiosyncrasies of phrase (to say nothing of idioms) we inevitably distort the author's designed impression. We are sure to produce a whimsical, at least, if not always a ludicrous, effect—for novelties, in a case of this kind, are incongruities, and oddities . . .
>
> The phraseology of every nation has a taint of *drollery* about it in the ears of every other nation speaking a different tongue. Now, to convey the true spirit of an author this taint should be corrected in translation. We should pride ourselves less upon literality and more upon dexterity at paraphrase. Is it not clear that, by such dexterity, a translation may be made to convey to a foreigner a juster conception of an original than could the original itself?

HENRY JAMES AS TRANSLATOR

Dexterity of paraphrase: there, in a word, we have the key to this whole question of the best translations. It is unfortunately only the rare and exceptional writer even in the foremost ranks of literature who possesses this particular sort of dexterity. And how very seldom our translators are drawn from these ranks. Carlyle, to be sure, translated *Wilhelm Meister,* and incidentally acquired a slight

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Teutonic twist in his style, of which some critics feel the presence in all his subsequent writings. Mr. Henry James gave us his inimitable rendering of Daudet's *Port Tarascon*—a signal instance of the complete sinking of a strongly marked personal style in the style of another.* But the rank and file of translators, even of the better class, are writers who are known for their translations and nothing more—interpreters only, and not creators; and it is unfortunately true that the ultimate dexterity of paraphrase belongs to the creative art. It takes a certain inborn genius to decide precisely the extent to which peculiarities of style, especially such peculiarities as are blemishes rather than qualities, should be preserved. As a recent writer to the *Nation* pointed out, in reviewing an overfaithful translation of Pausanias, if an author has the fault of ambiguity, it is not a merit but a grave mistake to irritate a foreign reader by passing this ambiguity on to him. And the writer went on to cite Thoreau as a flagrant instance of this fault and asked whether a translator should "render literally in the English order of words the following amusingly ambiguous sentence:"

> . . . a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them.

TOLSTOY'S STYLE

In the preface to his translation of Tolstoy's *Ivan Ilyitch*, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole expresses part of the rule but only part of it when he says:

> In the translation of these stories, no attempt has been made to make smooth, easy reading; the effort has been rather to reproduce the crisp, sharp staccato of the Russian. When Count Tolstoy says, *On shol, shol,* the rendering is, He went, went; and the deliberate mixture of tenses, past and present, has been pretty carefully followed, so far as the rhythm of translation allows.

The half of the rule which Mr. Dole seems to have disregarded is this: that so far as the "crisp, sharp staccato" is a characteristic of Tolstoy, and therefore something noticeable to the Russian reader, it should be retained; but if it or any other peculiarity of style is common to the bulk of Russian literature, its imitation in English is a mistake and a blemish. A still more puzzling question in translation is regarding the treatment of local slang, patois and dialect. Sometimes, but very rarely, a slang phrase in one language has its exact equivalent in another. Thus, where one of the guests at the Feast of Trimalchio in the satires of Petronius says, *"plane matus sum,"* meaning to assert that he is intoxicated, we can hit off the idiom in English by the equally vulgar "soaked" or "soused." But, in a case where, for instance, a Latin idiom is drawn from the slang of the circus, or a Spanish idiom from the game of pelota, we cannot properly hit it off with a corresponding phrase from golf or baseball. A reader of the translation in such a case would think mainly of the incongruity of golf or baseball terms on the lips of an ancient Roman or an inhabitant of the Pyrenees.

This whole question of slang and dialect was argued out at great length a few years ago in a controversy which ran for some months in the *Saturday Review*. The occasion of the controversy was Mr. Aylmer Maude's translation of *The Powers of Darkness*, to which Mr. Max Beerbohm took violent exception as an acting version for the English stage, the ground of his objection being the peculiar dialect which Mr. Maude put into the mouths of Russian peasants. Mr. Beerbohm wrote in part:

> When characters talk a lingo which we associate only with certain classes in English life, then their utterances take on a tyrannous importance, and instead of merely grasping the significance of what they say we are wondering all the while what they will say next.

*One need not look further than the opening paragraph of Daudet's introduction to *Port Tarascon*. Could anything be more completely foreign to the characteristic manner of the author of *Roderick Hudson* and *The Awkward Age* than the following:

"It was September, and it was Provence, when the vintage was coming home, five or six years ago.

"From the high wagonette, drawn by the rough horses of the Camargue, that carried us at full speed—Mistral, the poet, my son and myself—towards the Tarascon station and the fast train to Lyons and Paris, the closing day struck us as divine, as it burned itself pale: a day suffused, exhausted and fevered; passionate, like the fine faces of some women there."

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. . . All we are conscious of is the glaring incongruity of English language on the lips of Russian peasants.

SHAW IN THE FIELD

After an exchange of several letters between Mr. Beerbohm and the translator, the controversy received a fresh impetus from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose letter starts off in the following brisk and characteristic way:

Max's article on *The Powers of Darkness* was so conspicuously adequate in its treatment of one of those masterpieces which leave most of our critics of the theatre hopelessly beaten that I hesitate to take any exception to it. But if its effect should be to discredit Mr. Aylmer Maude as a translator, Max had better have hung an average daily criticism around his neck and cast himself into the Serpentine. . . .

What is a translator to do? We have had Molière's *Festin de Pierre* in English, with the peasants talking broad Zummerzet; and I confess I didn't like it. Mr. Aylmer Maude makes his Russian girls say, "S'elp me"; and again I confess I like that as little as Max does. But what is Mr. Aylmer Maude to do? What would Max do? What would I do? I think I should make the Russian peasant speak good, plain Cobbett English; but though that would spare Max a jar, there is no use pretending that it would represent the original.

This controversy, as it drifted on, ended by involving Professor Wiener, the translator of an American rival edition of Tolstoy, and incidentally raised another rather nice point in the ethics of translating. There are certain passages in the current Russian editions which the Wiener translation retains and which the Maude version does not. Mr. Maude's explanation is that these passages were omitted at the express wish of Tolstoy himself, and that in a certain sense his English version is the only correct and fully revised edition of some of Tolstoy's novels ever published in any language. Here, for instance, is a characteristic case:

The editor of the magazine in which *Sevastopol* first appeared inserted some lines of patriotic tendency to mollify the censor. In the editions authorised by the censor these passages have remained ever since; but when my wife and I were retranslating the work a couple of years ago, we omitted them at Tolstoy's request. They occur near the end of the first part of *Sevastopol: December, 1854*, are specially referred to in my preface to the revised version, and include the phrase: "Long will the grand traces remain in Russia of this epic of Sevastopol, of which the hero was the Russian People." It would be inexcusable if a subsequent translator were to reinsert these passages.

Mr. Maude's contention here is sound. Where an author personally supervises a translation and authorises the revision or omission of any part of his work this constitutes the latest revised version; the final expression of the form in which he chooses it to be known. An analogous case is afforded by M. Herelle's admirable renderings into French of d'Annunzio's *Trionfo della Morte*, in which at the author's own request a number of the boldest and most offensive passages which mar the original were omitted. It is a question whether a translator to-day would have the moral right to disregard this revision and to replace in an English version the passages which d'Annunzio's maturer judgment prompted him to omit from the French.

THE BEST RUSSIAN VERSIONS

The Russians have on the whole been fortunate in their English translators. Tolstoy, for instance, is given to us in the Maude and the Wiener versions, besides a host of single volumes by various more or less competent writers. Of the rival merits of Professor Wiener's version and that of Mr. and Mrs. Maude, the *Saturday Review*, after a lengthy and minute comparison, comes to the conclusion that the Maude version "though somewhat laboured, is altogether more carefully done," and gives among features, points out that Toystoy's style is always racy, direct and simple, and this quality the Maude version the more nearly approaches; and it proceeds to cite a number of parallel passages, of which the following is perhaps the most striking:

Nikolayef jerked the reins, clicked his tongue, and the trap rolled off at a trot. (Maude version.)

The reins began to be pulled. Nikolaev smacked his lips, and the vehicle started at a gallop. (Wiener version.)

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Tourguenieff we have complete in two worthy editions, the English one by Mrs. Constance Garnett, and the American one by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood. Of course, neither of these could hope to equal the superb French version made under Tourguenieff's own supervision; but they are both admittedly faithful, written in simple and idiomatic English and it is somewhat difficult to discriminate between them. An interesting analysis of them both was given not long ago in the *Nation*, in which the one distinct superiority of Mrs. Garnett's work was shown to lie in her closer adherence to the English idiom, in other words, to her greater dexterity of paraphrase. Thus, where Miss Hapgood translates, "Nothing affects thee any more than water does a goose," Mrs. Garnett renders, "It's all like water on a duck's back for you;" where Miss Hapgood says, "Well, new-ground, undried noble woman," Mrs. Garnett hits it off more aptly with "Well, my upstart lady;" and still again she improves upon Miss Hapgood's rendering "In the French language of girls' institutes" with the greater simplicity of "In boarding-school French."

THE GREAT FRENCHMEN

The French novelists as a whole have not been so fortunate in their translators. We have had hosts of versions of Dumas and Balzac, Hugo, Eugène Sue and Paul de Kock, published in England and in America at all prices and with all degrees of merit or the lack of it; and for the most part how many of us can tell who the translators were? How many of us can remember an edition of *The Wandering Jew* or *The Three Musketeers* in which the translator's name was given? Many of the earlier editions were woefully inadequate and unpardonably mutilated. The present writer, for instance, well remembers one English edition of *Twenty Years After* in which the entire episode of Athos's visit to Madame de Chevreuse and his narrative of Marie Michon were bodily omitted without explanation, regardless of the fact that the whole secret of the social position and subsequent career of Athos's son, Raoul, hangs upon it. In recent years editions of a higher order of merit have gradually been given to us. For Balzac we have our choice between the edition edited by Professor Saintsbury with the help of a number of translators, and that by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, which errs if at all by too close verbal fidelity, but has the unquestioned advantage of being the work of a single hand. There is no canon of translating more important than that the translator shall know his author wholly—not merely the particular volume that he is for the moment rendering. It is only in that way that he can be sure of having fully absorbed all the subtleties of his style. A good illustration of what happens where a well-meaning translator has not taken the trouble to do this was afforded some years ago by an imposing three-volume edition of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*. Now all admirers of Stendhal are aware that his style is deliberately rather bald, broken and abrupt—formed, as he himself ironically remarked, by a daily reading of the Civil Code. The translator in question, however, was not aware of this and insisted throughout the work upon padding and amplifying the sentences in order to give them a round smoothness. This not only was ruinous to the style, but it betrayed the translator into a series of extraordinary and amusing blunders. For instance, where Stendhal contented himself with stating that a carriage was heard approaching "at a trot," the translator rendered it "They could hear the carriage approaching drawn at a sharp trot by two brisk little horses," whereas the immediate context shows that the carriage in question was a one-horse vehicle.

WHAT HEARN ACCOMPLISHED

Among American translators from the French Lafcadio Hearn is the one man who might with proper encouragement have given us really adequate versions of Flaubert, Gautier, Merimée and other kindred writers—not merely the two or three isolated volumes that we have at present, but their works in entirety, and with a preservation of the original rhythm and sound patterns undreamed of in the philosophy of the average translator. He might, with such encouragement, have come to achieve what he spoke of as "a long cherished dream":

> The English realisation of a Latin style, modelled upon foreign masters and rendered

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even more forcible by that element of strength which is the characteristic of Northern tongues. This no man can hope to accomplish; but even a translator may carry his stone to the master masons of a new architecture of language.

What Hearn actually accomplished in the way of translation was a version of Anatole France's *Crime de Silvestre Bonnard;* some of Gautier's short stories issued under the title, *One of Cleopatra's Nights,* which he later spoke of as "one of the sins of my literary youth;" and Flaubert's *Temptation de Saint Antoine,* of which he refused to omit a single line declaring that it would be "little less than a literary crime to emasculate such a masterpiece." Careful translator though he was, and much as his Gautier tales deserved the praise they received, readers will agree that one of his reviewers distinctly scored a point in a criticism on his rendering of some verses in one of these tales. It runs as follows:

Mr. Hearn has few equals in this country as regards translation, and the stories lose nothing of their artistic unity in his hands. But his hobby is literalism. For instance, of the epitaph in *Claremonde:*

Ici-gît Claremonde
Qui fut de son vivant
La plus belle du monde,

he remarks: "The broken beauty of the lines is but inadequately rendered thus:

Here lies Claremonde,
Who was famed in her lifetime
As the fairest of women."

Very true—it is inadequate. But why not vary it? For example:

Here lies Claremonde,
Who was, what time she lived,
The loveliest in the land.

THE BOGUS MAUPASSANT

Of the two great French realists, Zola and Maupassant, there existed until quite recently no complete edition in English, nor has the deficiency in the case of Zola yet been made good. Beginning with the sumptuous Life Work edition of Maupassant published in 1902, his complete writings are now accessible in several different forms. But he probably has never had a more sympathetic translator than Mr. H. C. Bunner proved himself to be, in the little collection of short tales published under the title *Made in France.* There is an anecdote in connection with this little volume which, although familiar to a good many people, will bear retelling here. It is best given as related by Professor Brander Matthews:

He (Bunner) undertook lovingly to Americanise some half score of Maupassant's stories, declaring in his preface that although the venture may seem somewhat bold, it was undertaken in a spirit of sincerest and faithfullest admiration of him who "must always be, to my thinking, the best of story tellers since Boccaccio wrote down the tales he heard from women's lips." In a spirit of tricksy humour that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales "with a United States twist," is not derived from the French, but is Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out.

ZOLA AND HIS INTERPRETER

The translations into English of Zola's novels form a whole chapter in the history of English letters and any one who is curious to acquaint himself with the details will find them all set down at great length in Vizetelly's *Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer.* It seems difficult now to realise that so recently as 1888 the publication in English of certain volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series brought about a relentless prosecution of Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the English publisher, resulting in several heavy fines and at last in a prison sentence which left him broken in spirit and shattered in health. English phariseeism for the time prevailed and to this day the suppressed version of *La Terre* and one or two others has not been reprinted. But it is due to the enterprise of the elder Vizetelly as publisher and the zeal of his son Ernest as translator that we have to-day a very nearly complete edition of the Rougon Macquart series as well as *Les Trois Villes,* and the interrupted tetralogy of *Les Quatres Evangiles,* made for the most part with the active co-operation of Zola himself and here and there expurgated under his approval. The one remonstrance that one feels inclined to direct against these translations is in regard to some of the English titles. It seems, for instance, little less than an out

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rage to vulgarise such a splendid title as *La Joie de Vivre* with the English substitute *How Jolly Life Is*. As one English reviewer remarks: "It sweeps us at once from satiric tragedy to Cockney farce."

One final point regarding special difficulties which confront translators is brought up by Mr. William Archer in his preface to the collected edition of Ibsen's plays—namely, the class of difficulties inherent in the foreign language itself, the sound or length of a particular word, an ambiguous or double meaning, and the like.

In not a few cases, writes Mr. Archer, the difficulties have proved sheer impossibilities. I will cite only one instance. Writing of *The Master Builder*, a very competent, and indeed generous, critic finds in it "a curious example of perhaps inevitable inadequacy. . . . 'Duty! Duty! Duty!' Hilda once exclaims in a scornful outburst, 'What a short, sharp, stinging word!' The epithets do not seem specially apt. But in the original she cries out, 'Plight! Plight! Plight!' And the very word stings and snaps." I submit that in this criticism there is one superfluous word—to wit, the "perhaps" which qualifies "inevitable." . . . It might be possible, no doubt, to adapt Hilda's phrase to the English word and say, "It sounds like the swish of a whip lash," or something to that effect. But this is a sort of freedom which, rightly or wrongly, I hold inadmissible.

A parallel case arose not long ago in the present writer's own experience. It was in connection with a translation of the opening chapters of the Italian novelist Verga's *Don Gesualdo*. It was at the point where a fire has broken out in the Palazzo Trao, and old Don Ferdinando at the head of the stairs with wild eyes staring out of a parchment face is excitedly crying out to the people below: "Up this way! Up this way!" precisely, says Verga, "like a duck." Now this sentence loses all point in English, for ducks, so far as our experience goes, do not have a habit of standing at the head of the stairs and excitedly yelling: "Up this way!" But what Verga actually wrote in Italian was "Di qua! Di qua!" and that is pretty good duck language, whether in Italy or in America.

"BECOME A MAUPASSANT BY MAIL!"

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ITH the considerable increase in the so characterised "purely fiction" magazines during the last year or two, there has come a simultaneous increase in the purely fiction propositions, made to the public at large through the medium of alluring advertisements, concerning the imparting of the secrets of short-story craft by mail. The countenances of these advertisements are readily recognisable:

> Learn short-story writing by mail in two weeks. Entire course only ten dollars. You can earn fame and fortune! Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling get as high as $1,000 a story! Address: .....

Were it not for the established fact that magazine editors recently have had it deeply impressed upon them that these get-rich-and-famous-quick lures are meeting with wide response on the part of the gullible and unsophisticated, this paper might never have been prepared. The fact stands, however, that sad proofs have come to the eyes of the editors, proofs that carry in their keeping stories of heartache, disappointment and beckoning poverty. It is to indicate the fundamental flaws in the short-story-writing-taught-by-mail devices, to reveal the case as it has come to the attention of the editorial chairs, and to safeguard the guileless against further high hopes in return for a few dollars and postage stamps, that the present writer has investigated the results and herewith pre-

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sents them. That the facts of the case are wholly obvious to many does not argue that the same facts are apparent to all. Piles of worthless manuscript and stacks of letters from individuals who have been duped reach the magazine offices the year round, and in these manuscripts and letters rests the evidence for the prosecution. There is no intention to "muckrake." The aim is to deal only in a temperate and concise manner with the impracticability of the "mail courses." But, at the beginning it must be said that "impracticability" is much too gentle a word.

In brief, the proposition made by the advertisements under primary consideration is as follows: For varying amounts of money, such amounts being disguised usually in a quotation of the fixed sum that is to be paid down, the "school" agrees to teach the enrolled pupil in a short period how to write "saleable" short stories. The advertisements insinuate themselves into the weakest part of the gullible human heart, for, of all the things in the world, no two are so entirely attractive as "to be a writer" and "to make some money 'on the side'." In the interior sections of the country, there are, sad to relate, any number of persons who believe that story writing is an accomplishment that may be attained by following a few rules, much after the manner that obtains in developing the biceps or making verbenas grow in the back-yard. The advertisement reader probably has succeeded in accomplishing the two latter, by obeying the advice in Sandow's and Burpee's catalogues respectively, and can see no reason why he may not just as easily "make good" at short-story writing. Add to this the widespread longing to see one's name in print and the fact that the magazine announcements themselves unconsciously, although innocently and honestly, further the sport by stating that "we are always on the lookout for good stories by new authors—for which we pay the best prices," and you have the fundamental reason for the wide range of short-story-by-mail advertisement answerers.

Once John Smith—or, as is more generally the case, *Mrs.* John Smith or *Miss* Smith (for women have been found to be in the large majority here)—answers an advertisement and sends on his five dollars, or whatever the initial financial demand may be for the return privilege of becoming a Guy de Maupassant in a couple of weeks, he is a lost soul. That is, he is a lost soul unless he has some of the qualities that go to make a good short-story writer at the beginning, which this John Smith never, or indeed very rarely, has. The reason for this shall be seen later. In return for his tuition fee, John receives by mail a booklet containing a collection of hackneyed "rules for short-story writing." The "rule" is everything with these short-story-writing bureaus of instruction. Ideas, originality, inspiration never enter into the question. According to their teachings, short stories are to be written just as woodsheds are to be built. Saw the wood, get the nails and begin hammering! Build your woodshed like all the other woodsheds in the neighbourhood. Build your short story after the exact formulas of "other" well-known short stories. It matters not what you put in your shed or your story. "It's the way it looks on the outside, not the idea, or what is in it, that counts," is the logic of the tutors-by-mail.

The "rules" sent to the enrolled would-be O. Henry need not be discussed at length. They are perfectly obvious and all right in their way. "A paragraph should contain about two hundred and fifty words"; "Dialogue should be paragraphed," and so forth. In addition, there are the usual copy-book rules for punctuation. The "rules" furnish the first lesson. Successive "lessons," ranging approximately from six to a dozen in number and printed in small pamphlets, are sent in the form of "kinds of short stories desired by the magazines"; "sample plots"; "short story masterpieces"; and so on. The "kinds of short stories desired by the magazines" are analysed as "humorous," "love," "detective," "adventure," and so forth, covering every species of story in existence. The "sample plots" are a digest of the plots of stories by well-known writers, each plot typical of each of the numerous kinds of stories "desired by the magazines." The "short-story masterpieces" are just what is claimed for them, a reprint of a few of

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the best stories by recognised short-story masters. The subscriber to the "course of lessons," after receiving these booklets, is asked to study them carefully, to procure pencil and paper and to practise imitating the masterpieces. "Apply your own plots to these standards" comes the advice by mail. As is perfectly apparent even to the initiated reader, no harm and some benefit must accrue to the subscribers from a perusal and study of the printed "lessons." These "lessons" are valid, legitimate. But there is a joker in them, or rather, in the idea back of them. One may not become a writer of effective, marketable short fiction through such "lessons" alone, any more than one may through a deep reading of the short-story classics, a deep study of the rules of grammar and punctuation and a knowledge of the sort of fiction demanded by the magazine alone. That one must be a "born story writer," would be foolish to assert. But mere study in itself can make a story writer of no man. The writing of fiction, above everything else, is *ideas* first, *knack* second. An adroit and skilful manipulation of the pen has availed some writers of fiction even where ideas have been lacking, as the records will show, but even this accomplishment is rarely to be gained by such individuals as "go at" short-story writing much in the manner of "going at" a problem in calculus. At Yale University, for example, where one of the best courses in short-story writing has been instituted, the necessity for the "reportorial eye," the necessity of "the idea," is insisted upon as form is insisted upon. "Ideas" are a result of open eyes, not hard-thinking brains. The advertisement schools of short-story writing open the eyes of the subscribers only to what *has* been done in the way of good short stories, not, and this is the most important fact, what *may* be done. Individuality is a quality dismissed.

There is no space to go further into a survey of the preliminary methods of the two-cent-stamp tutors. Probably, however, sufficient has been chronicled to indicate the general trend of the manner of these methods. To go into the second phase of the case in hand, there remains to set down the more serious ulcer that has come to the attention of the magazine editors. After a subscriber has paid his money to "learn short-story writing" and has received the course of instruction as outlined above, the instruction bureau advises him that he is now ready to go into the practical side of the "profession." For another payment, the bureau assures him it will "read, criticise, correct and suggest changes" in his manuscripts, so that when he sends them to the editors the stories will stand a better chance of being accepted. Sometimes, the bureaus do the typewriting work, but such phases of the question as this cannot concern us here. The bureaus, having succeeded in re-enrolling the incipient litterateur—a matter in which they are uniformly successful—see to it that their encouragement of the subscriber is not too hasty. The first story sent in by the subscriber will be criticised as "encouraging but not quite right yet for the purpose." This criticism will be changed in detail for the next two or three stories. In this fashion, the subscriber will be lured on to a series of additional payments until, at last, when it develops no more money will be forthcoming from him, he will be assured that his stories are now good enough to be marketed by him. Of course, although it must not be said that all of the products of subscribers to the short-story-writing bureaus are worthless, it seems perfectly fair from what has been learned from the magazine editors to assert that the great majority of their stories are devoid of the qualities that go to make up worthy fiction. And, at that, to say that *all* their stories fall far short of the mark might not be too sweeping an opinion.

The pathetic side of the "Maupassant by Mail" business may be indicated in no surer way than concretely. Three weeks ago, there reached the offices of *McClure's* magazine a letter from a hopeful middle-aged woman who believed she was on the high road to short-story-writing success. In her letter, she said that she had been attracted a year before by an advertisement that promised to teach short-fiction writing for ten dollars, that she had answered the advertisement and had taken the first "course." Thereafter, in the manner that has been cited above, she had been mulcted of additional funds until now, she assured the editor in all innocence, she had been told by the bureau

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that she was capable of selling her stories to the magazines at good prices. She stated further that the tuition by mail had taken almost every spare penny she had in the world out of her pocketbook, that she had given up her outside work and, because of the promise of greater remuneration and fame from story writing, had worked away at writing until she now was practically destitute. The manuscript that accompanied her letter was utterly devoid of merit and had to be returned to her. Is there not something pitiful about a case like this? Speaking of the matter, one of the *McClure* editors said: "The cases of persons who, like the writer of this letter, have spent their meagre funds (and not always 'spare' funds at that) in return for promises of great fiction glory and gold, are pathetic. They rush blindly into the net, waste time and effort and money in pursuing something for which they have not the slightest aptitude and of which they have not the slightest actual knowledge, and are made to lose faith not only in the world, but, worse still, in themselves."

Another letter received from a woman by a magazine devoted entirely to fiction reads as follows:

> I have learned short-story writing by mail at the hands of the —— school. I tell you this because they have told me I am the best pupil they have ever had. I spent about eighty dollars to learn. I am sending you a story that they have assured me is splendid and, as it is the first one I have had the courage to send to a magazine, I hope you will take it.

The story, which the present writer was shown, was, in truth, splendid! The only fault with it was that Bret Harte had written it a number of years before. It developed that the bureau of short-story instruction to which the woman had subscribed had sent her, among its "sample short fiction masterpieces," this particular story, that she had studied it as a model so regularly and thoroughly that it had become fixed almost sentence for sentence in her mind and that, when she sat down to write a story of her own, she had merely re-written the original story. The subsequent criticism of the bureau, to the effect that the story was "splendid," only goes to show either that the bureau never even read the manuscript that had been sent to it (probably because the woman had been squeezed as dry of money as was possible) or that the individuals who operated the bureau deliberately encouraged the woman in her plagiarism, although, as facts seemed to indicate, the plagiarism was unconscious and not known as such to her. The case of this woman is cited to show one of the dangers that may result from the "imitation" doctrine of the bureaus. The tenor of most of the letters that are received by the editors from these bureau graduates and the nature of the accompanying manuscripts are echoed in the two examples quoted. One and all, they are interlined with disappointment. One and all, they reveal the first smile of assurance that the returning mail must inevitably convert into a heartache.

Following the financial success of the increased number of "Short-Story-Writing-Taught-By-Mail" institutions, there has come into being within the last year an allied number of analogous "Drama-Writing-Taught-By-Mail" schools. The wave of playwriting that has swept over the country recently and that has been duly chronicled for all to read in the newspapers and magazines has undoubtedly inspired these "schools," just as the greatly increased number of fiction magazines inspired their sister "literary schools." The present writer was handed the prospectus of one of these drama-teaching bureaus recently by a metropolitan theatrical producer. For one dollar(!), the sponsors of the bureau promised to teach any one how to write a play. Need there be any supplementary comment?

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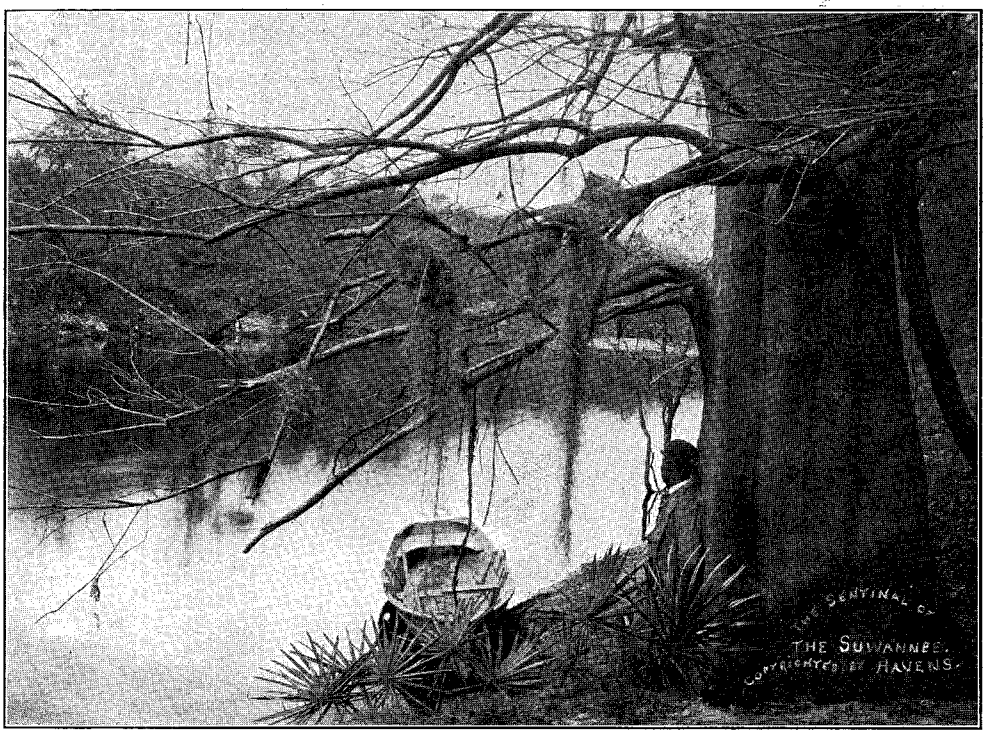

"ALL THE WORLD AM SAD AND DREARY
EVERYWHERE I ROAM.
OH! DARKIES, HOW MY HEART GROWS WEARY,
FAR FROM THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

THE SOUTH IN FICTION

Part III—The Trail of the Lower South

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHEN asked the way to a certain local place, the oldest inhabitant said to the stranger: "I can't tell you where it is, sir, but I'll take you there." This is the spirit in which the writer approaches his task of trailing through the Lower South on a literary pilgrimage. Every author describes his favourite locality, knows his particular town, paints the foibles of his special friends. Virginia created a type of literature unmistakably Virginian; the Lower South is spread over a wide area, and is more democratic. In its fiction, it is undergoing a transformation, but the localities are to be fixed definitely, however much the social and economic conditions alter.

In reading a novel, the writer has never paid much attention to its topography, unless topography was its largest asset; if it was in the mountains or in the valley, that was sufficient environment to offset a good story. But every author has claims upon locality; it colours his characterisation, it affects his very manner of expression. Virginia and the Lower South differ in their traditions. This likewise would have appreciable influence upon the manner in which any

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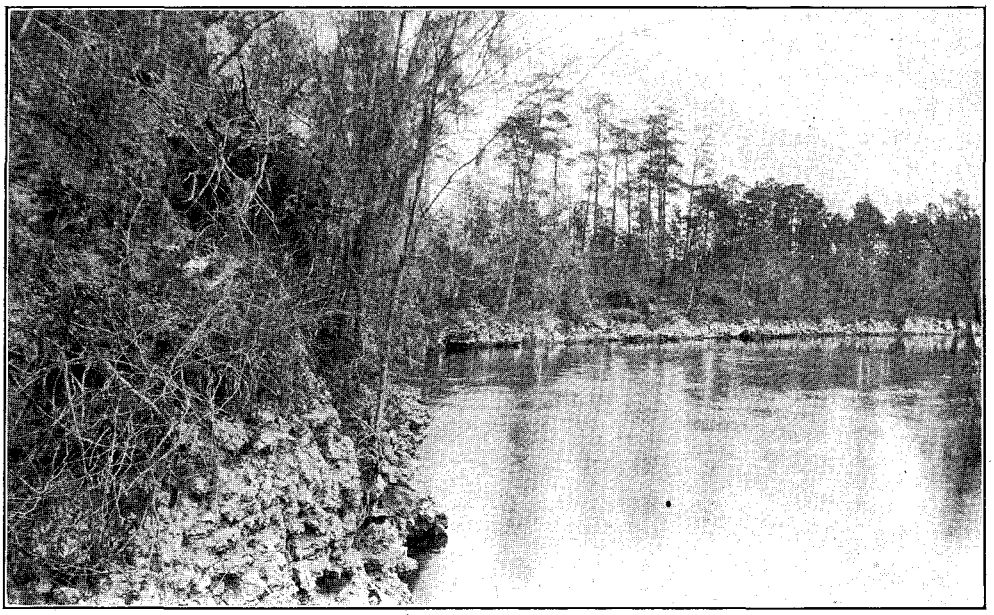

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANNEE RIVER,
FAR, FAR, AWAY,
THERE'S WHERE MY HEART IS TURNING EVER,
THERE'S WHERE THE OLD FOLKS STAY."

local story was conceived. From the earliest times our authors have been observant, and they have identified themselves with definite places. The local distinctions are nowhere better displayed than in Colonel William Byrd's *History of the Dividing Line,* which in itself is so carefully described that one could well-nigh retrace the old dispute (1728) step by step, catching a breath of North Carolina forest, and noting the rude methods of colonial living. The blend of humour and picturesqueness makes this survey almost fictional in scope.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LOWER SOUTH

In reminiscences, the reader is apt to meet with whole passages which are strictly literal in their experience. Tyrone Power, grandfather of the present actor, travelled into the wilds of Georgia and Alabama in 1832, leaving behind him an agreeable impression of Montgomery, Alabama, and of Columbus, Georgia, where Indians walked the main streets. Maybe such literature is not fiction, but it is the live material from which a story might be drawn. Fanny Kemble, relative of the incomparable Siddons, married a Georgia planter, and went to live in Darien, where her luxuriant descriptions and keen appreciation rose above the horrors of an institution (slavery) she abhorred. In order to give value to a topographical map, the reader should examine "Letters from Alabama" (*circa,* 1838), by the father of Edmund Gosse—a naturalist, who settled in Dallas, and lived there subject to insult from those who regarded him as fresh from the North, and as sympathising with the North. In June, 1838, Mr. Gosse made this entry: "Rode to Cahawba and back, seeing something of central Alabama." Cahawba was the capital of the State until Tuscaloosa took it away, only to be deprived of it by Montgomery. No bit of fiction could be more vivid than Gosse's minute descriptions of a 'possum hunt at midnight.

THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER

The St. John's River receives adequate consideration in Harriet Beecher Stowe's description of her Florida plantation, wherein orange blossom, forests, and bluffs sufficiently mark the locality. This same spot figures in Archibald Clavering

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Gunter's *A Florida Enchantment.* The writer takes a personal narrative such as Mrs. Smedes's *A Southern Planter* as a species of fiction told in the first person singular. Thomas Dabney travelled through Alabama and Mississippi to Hinds County, where his Burleigh plantation was situated, and as cotton planter, he was no stranger to the highwayman, Jack Cotton, who would rob those landowners on their way from market who would have surplus cash upon them. Such material is ripe for fiction.

The Lower South is rich in that literature which is more nearly akin to a popular treatise on economics than to fiction. *The Southerner,* by Nicholas Worth, pictures conditions in North Carolina. On its first appearance the newspapers of that section not only furnished a key to the authorship but to the principal characters in the story as well. Every well-known person of the State was lampooned, and not only is one shown the capital and the State University, but the author's hero is sent upon an educational tour through the State.

This reads no more like fiction than Walter H. Page's essays on *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths,* which deal almost in the same local fashion with the forgotten white man of North Carolina. Unfortunately this series is not concerned with locality that figures in all types of literature coming from the South, especially biographies of political giants of the States, like Yancey of Alabama, and Stephens of Georgia. The Bench and Bar of the Black Belt affords large fiction opportunity.

The first important local writers of fiction in the Lower South are the prolific William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina and John P. Kennedy of Baltimore.

THE JOHNSTON HOUSE, WHICH APPEARS IN MANY OF THE NOVELS OF WILL N. HARBEN

"IN THE TWENTY HOURS' RUN THROUGH ROMANTIC CYPRESS SWAMPS AND IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT TREES." ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "A FLORIDA ENCHANTMENT."

Into the very fibre of these men the environment entered and fired the imagination. Simms was in some respects like Cooper, for "whenever he took his eye off his local subject he wrote like an Englishman." In prose and poetry he touched the whole Lower South. In *Guy Rivers* we have a tale of Georgia in the days when backwoods and outlaws were common. *The Yemassee* was a tale of South Carolina Indians, rivalling Cooper in many of its excellences. In fact, most of Simms's novels dealt with the Gulf States and exhibited his knowledge of South Carolina. Kennedy's *Horse-Shoe Robinson* was based on a real flesh and blood hero, and the many local descriptions are the result of extensive excursions through the country on horseback.

But Simms was first and foremost a romancer, a lover of the history of his State. One could not omit mention of William Crafts's *The Raciad,* which avowedly, as a poetic piece of fiction, though in verse, imitates Pope in its incisiveness, and holds to ridicule some of the keenest minds of Charleston. Hence, in order to understand Crafts, one must be as familiar with the old families of Charleston as Mrs. Ravenal was in her history of that city.

THE QUESTION OF LOCALITY

Locality in Southern Literature, as it pertained to the Lower South, is to be studied in two directions: in humour and in folklore. Conditions created a type of humourist too little read to-day, thoroughly rural in scope, and thoroughly human, however vulgar, in situations.

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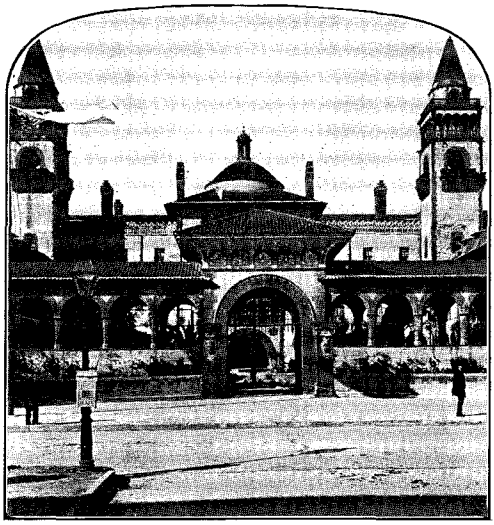
When Judge Baldwin came to Livingston, Alabama, he found the society rudimentary, though his own profession had gained some distinction. The story is told that when he first reached the town, on the first morning, he discovered a snake in his boot, which warned him to be careful thereafter where he slept. There is no doubt, on reading *Flush Times in Alabama,* that most of the characters, most of the incidents, had their counterparts in real happenings at Livingston. "Ovid Boles, Esq.," "whose lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind," was cer-



"THE PONCE DE LEON, WHOSE SPANISH DOMED TOWERS AND SLOPING TILED ROOFS IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF SEVILLE OR VALENCIA ARE EMBOWERED IN ITS GARDENS OF ORANGE AND PALM AND FLOWERING SHRUBS." ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "A FLORIDA ENCHANTMENT."

tainly some citizen of the town, while Baldwin must have drawn on his own experience in the description of the defendant who appeared in a case he tried: "dressed in the old-fashioned gum top-boots and shorts."

Baldwin, travelling southwest, had excellent opportunity to study the scenery of three States. Undoubtedly we obtain a glimpse of Livingston in such a paragraph as:

> The writer pitched his tabernacle on the thither side of the State line of Alabama, in the charming village of P——; one of the loveliest hamlets of the plain, or rather it would be did it not stand on a hill. Gamblers, then a numerous class, included, the village boasted a population of some five hundred souls.

"The American hotel" described, with its gaudy inn-sign shaking in the wind, brings to mind Baldwin's almost nightly séances with his confrères, when they used to sit together after a day in court, and attempt to be literary in their talk. The Lower South was distinguished in its intellectual coteries; Charleston had a group centring around the form of Simms; in Augusta, Georgia, Richard Henry Wilde gathered together a number of intellectuals of his calling.

In Judge Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* there is presented an excellent picture of a primitive community of Georgia Crackers; the author attempted realistic dialect, reflecting the actual manner of the people around him. Each sketch smacks of the soil and contains rustic uncouthness, almost brutality, but the local custom is definite.

GEORGIA TYPES

Other humourists of that section were equally as provincial. Charles Henry Smith, otherwise known as "Bill Arp," the country philosopher, was born in Lawrenceville, Georgia, and his life here gave him foundation for his letters to the Atlanta *Constitution* and for his *Fireside Sketches.* By the sedulous manner in which these humourists avoided the denominational joke, we infer that the rural communities possessed certain social standards that were less violent than Longstreet's description of a gander pulling.

Richard Malcolm Johnson is the literary descendant of these writers. Middle Georgia is nowhere better pictured in its former days than in *Mr. Absalom Billingslea* or in the *Dukesborough Tales.* Here again the Georgia Cracker receives graphic treatment. It is interesting to notice that in biography as conceived by the Southern author, the style was strictly narrative, and in manner may be regarded as fiction. The local touches throughout Johnston's and Browne's *Life of Alexander H. Stephens,* if taken separately, would make remarkable short stories. What is to be noted particularly

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in this class of writer—truly a good school of humourists—is the care taken to indicate shades of dialect. Johnston must have observed his neighbours carefully, for he writes with his eye no doubt on particular persons.

It will be noticed that among most of the female characters in these sketches, even of the humbler sort, dialect is less pronounced than among the men.

"THE GOLD BUG"

In another direction the Southern author now began to indicate variations in dialect. Readers will remember that Edgar Allan Poe laid the scenes of *The Gold Bug* on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. In this he made futile attempts to catch the negro inflection, but with ridiculous success. C. C. Jones studied carefully the *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast,* noting in his fables the peculiarities of the swamp regions, where the lingo of the rice fields and of the sea island was marked. These stories are different from those recorded by Joel Chandler Harris, who confined himself to Middle Georgia, describing definite plantation life, and tracing out for himself with note-book and pencil, along the railroad thoroughfares, the origins of superstitious beliefs. One might make a railroad map of his wanderings. Village life and Atlanta society figure in *Gabriel Tolliver,* which is rich in local colour. The Southern writer in the Lower South was more ambitious to represent types than individuals. Uncle Remus and Free Joe possess the qualities of the race, even though Mr. Harris may have known particular darkeys whom he took as models.

LAKE WORTH FROM THE ROYAL PONCIANA. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE FIRING LINE."

THE ROYAL PONCIANA, PALM BEACH. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE FIRING LINE."

"He began to wonder whether the inhabitants of its thousand rooms, aware of the pitiless clarity of this semi-tropical sunlight, shunned it."

Before the modern novelist considered it a fashion to travel to Palm Beach, Florida figured as a background in many novels. Sidney Lanier wrote a guide-book on that State, and turned dry fact into romantic feeling; it was, as Hayne said, "a sort of spiritualised guide-book." Every writer, from Lanier through Archibald Clavering Gunter in *A Florida Enchantment,* deals lovingly with the St. Johns River, but no description can rival that of the Ochlawaha, as it struck Lanier:

> This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses, and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

For sheer narrative description, no reader can pass by the exquisite lines in Lanier on *The Marshes of Glynn,* a

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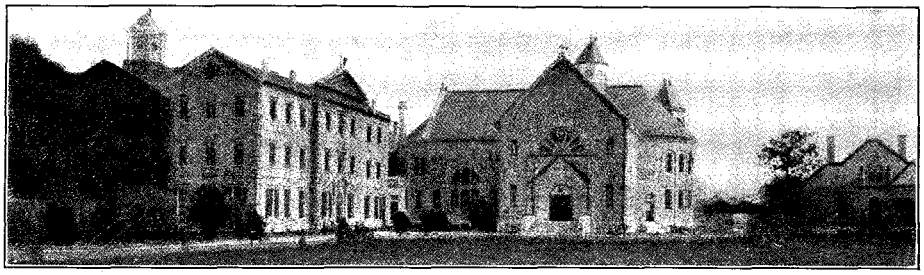


CONVENT AT MOBILE, ALABAMA, ERECTED ON SITE OF OLD CONVENT WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN "INFELICE"

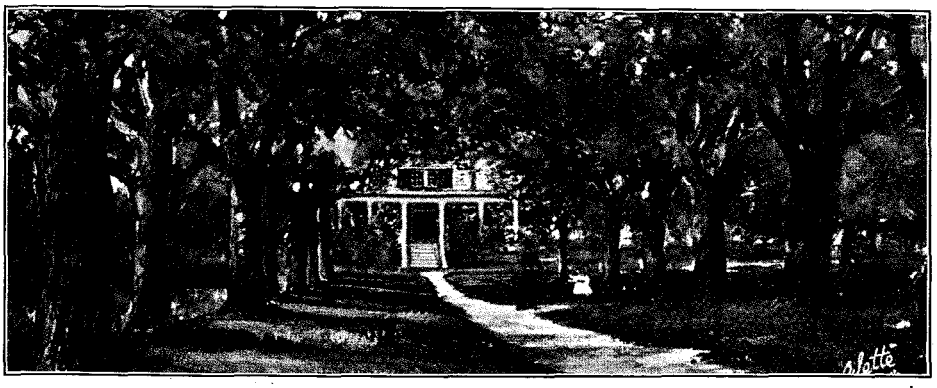
county in Georgia, near the sea-coast town of Brunswick. His narrative poems, which are fictional in quality, such as "Thar's More in the Man than Thar is in the Land," and "Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival Hymn" and "The Power of Prayer; or, The First Steamboat up the Alabama," touch counties that may be definitely located. In fact, Florida and Middle Georgia ring through Lanier's verses as thoroughly as Georgia permeates the verse of Ticknor, and as South Carolina colours the verse of Timrod and Hayne.

THE COUNTRY OF "ST. ELMO"

In Alabama, Mobile became the literary centre in the person of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, whose novels, widely read even now though stilted in style, are verbose in pseudo-learning. It is difficult to trace locality in these books, since particular places are disguised by an over-romantic touch. One can hardly recognise her home "Ashland" in the description of Le Bocage, which figures in *St. Elmo*. The background of this story is Lookout Mountain, but Mrs. Wilson undoubtedly had in mind her own home in such feeling nature touches as: "The parlours and sitting-room opened on a long, arched veranda, which extended around two sides of the building. . . . The branches were low and spreading, and even at mid-day the sunshine barely flecked the cool, mossy knolls."

The convent figuring in *Infelice* once occupied the spot now devoted to new buildings. The Catholic touches to the book show Mrs. Wilson's keen familiarity with religious topics, and in characterisation she must have had in mind some of the people—notably "Father" Ryan—who passed along the streets of Mobile, as familiar figures. But though the old convent was burned, the description in *Infelice* is vivid and applicable to the present structures.

Mobilians will recognise the Orphan Asylum figuring in *Beulah,* and the



LE BOCAGE. THE HOME INTO WHICH EDNA EARL WAS ADOPTED. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON'S "ST. ELMO"

"The parlours and sitting-room opened on a long, arched veranda, which extended around two sides of the building. . . . The branches were low and spreading, and even at midday the sunshine barely flecked the cool mossy knolls."

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"homestead" in *At the Mercy of Tiberius*. Local colour likewise permeates *Macaria,* for behind "Ashland" the Confederate camps were pitched. Mrs. Wilson had intimate knowledge of Alabama, Georgia and Virginia; she brought her characters North likewise.

As a literary centre, Mobile has given inspiration to T. C. De Leon, the blind author, who has described society in the Lower South as minutely, if not as graphically, as Mrs. Clay-Clopton. His *John Holden, Unionist,* is the typical Southern novel with descriptive touches.

THE COURT HOUSE SQUARE AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA BAMA. NORAH DAVIS'S "THE NORTHERNER."

"The clock in the tower of the court house solemnly struck two, trailing a long echo through the thin air that was presently lost in the strident clamour of the mob which came from the direction of the jail, two blocks away."

Samuel Minturn Peck, the poet, is Alabama's laureate of the present, as Frank Stanton is of Georgia.

Space will not allow more than a casual indication of the old-fashioned novels of Constance Fenimore Woolson laid in Florida, of Frank Goulding's books for boys, *The Young Marooners* and *Marooners' Island,* luxuriant with the colour of the coast of Florida. Once on the trail of locality in the Lower South, we find a plethora of descriptive touches in Jules Verne's *The Blockade Runners,* which deals with Charleston; in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Louisiana,* laid in the mountains of North Carolina; in George Cary Eggleston's historical novels, such as *A Carolina Cavalier*. History in fact makes a story local, if not in definite locality, at least in natural background and incident. In this spirit, John Preston True has covered South Carolina; so has Cyrus Townsend Brady. But in no way have they equalled William Gilmore Simms in the vividness of their treatment. Grace MacGowan Cooke, in *Return,* presented a picture of Georgia in the eighteenth century. There are bare touches of the South in Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror,* and in Charles Felton Pidgin's *Blennerhassett.* These novels, however, are not distinctively local in the sense that Johnston and Harris are local.

WILL N. HARBEN'S NOVELS

Two facts are very evident regarding authorship in the Lower South: first, the class element is being settled, and fiction will soon give an economic position to the negro; second, the Southern writer is spending a great deal of time in the North and is thereby losing a close connection with locality. The democratisation of the South fills the novels of Will N. Harben, who takes Dalton, Georgia, as the scene of most of his work, disguising it under the name of "Darby." The hotel known

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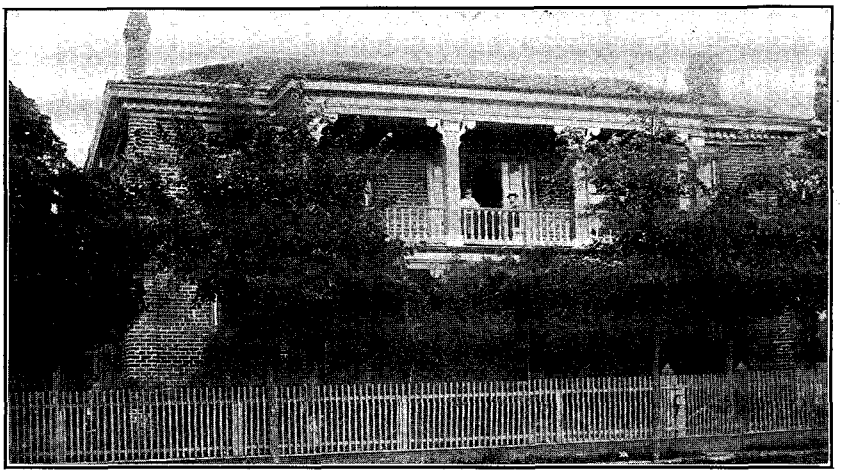
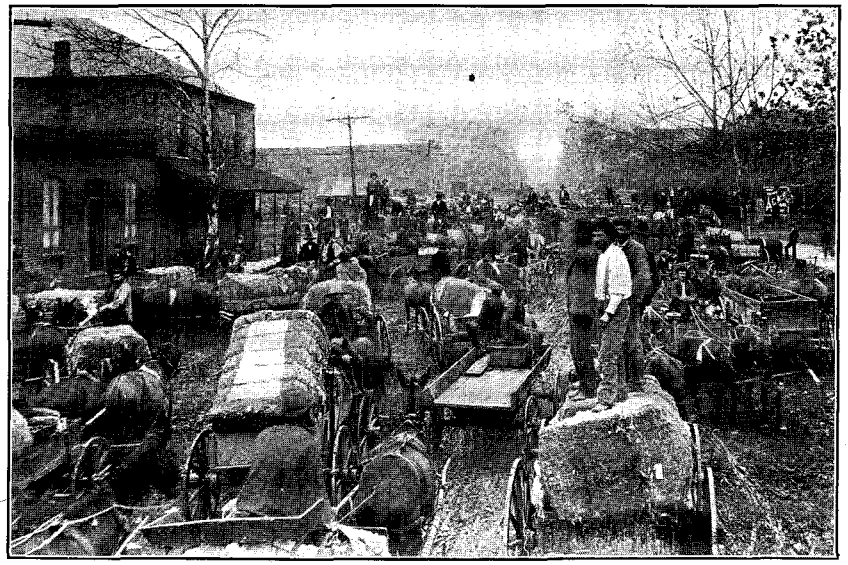


THE RESIDENCE OF HIRAM HILLYER. WILL N. HARBEN'S "THE SUBSTITUTE"

as the "Johnston House" figures in many of his stories, and the dances given in *Abner Daniel* and *Mam' Linda* were held in this ante-bellum structure. Here also Pole Baker prevented a riot between the citizens of Darby and a negro regiment.

"Darby," like all Southern towns, has a main street, which in season is choked with cotton wagons. The picture reproduced in this article shows to the left the warehouse where George Buckley, in Mr. Harben's *The Substitute,* was employed and suffered at the hands of robbers. Such a scene as is here represented occurs in *Dixie Hart, Ann Boyd, The Georgians,* and *Kenneth Galt.* Mr. Harben's colonial home figures in *The Substitute* as the residence of Hiram Hillyer. Like most authors, Mr. Harben has definite types in mind throughout his books.

In Alabama, Norah Davis writes from her local vantage point of Huntsville. The scenes in *The Northerner* are definitely laid in that town, the descriptions naturally, politically, and socially being straight realism. From her desk, Miss Davis looks out upon the Cumberland



THE MAIN STREET AT "DARBY," GEORGIA, DESCRIBED IN MANY OF WILL N. HARBEN'S NOVELS

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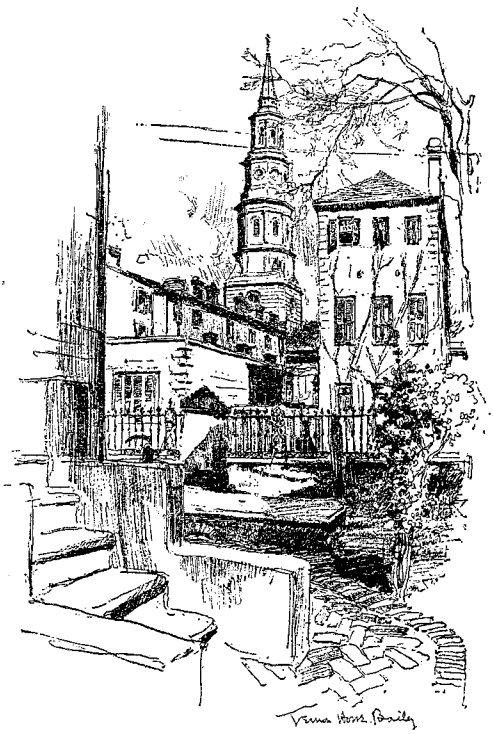
range. *The World's Warrant* is laid in northern Alabama. The "boom town" is New Decatur, and the plot is taken from real life. Her latest novel, *Wallace Rhodes,* covers the Mississippi-Yazoo Delta, a section made known also in Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble.*

Locality is dominant in all of the work by Mrs. Corra Harris, author of the *Brasstown Valley Stories,* and *A Circuit Rider's Wife.* The scenes of the former are laid wholly in Georgia, the northern part of the State holding the valley in the mountains. Readers who remember "Poppy Corn" will see in that figure a real personage whose patriarchal relationship to his people first suggested certain characterisation to Mrs. Harris.

The scenes of *A Circuit Rider's Wife* are laid in Middle Georgia, and several of the circuits mentioned are real—such as the Red-wine Circuit. All of the towns and people, however disguised, have real existence. "Celestial Bells" is a fashionable resort near Atlanta.

IN WORSHIP STREET. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."



"ALMOST, ONE WOULD SAY, THE OLD WORLD." OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."

OWEN WISTER'S CHARLESTON

The guide-book to Charleston seems to be Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore.* The plot for his story occurred while the author was at a caterer's in San Francisco, but, transferred to the South, it contains all the poetic charm of life in the aristocratic centre of South Carolina. King's Port, Royal Street, High Walk, the Battery, and the famous Churchyard are graphically and poetically described. This "most wistful town in America" presents countless opportunities for picturesque treatment, and Mr. Wister has done for Charleston what George W. Cable has done for New Orleans, and with as much delicacy and deftness.

J. W. Church has saturated his latest novel, *Deep in the Piney Woods,* with North Carolina atmosphere, while Gus-

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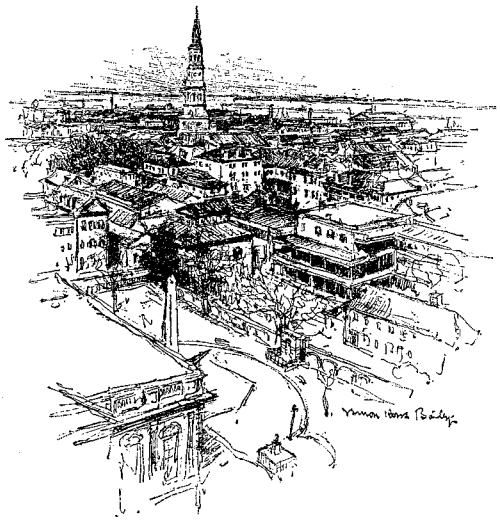


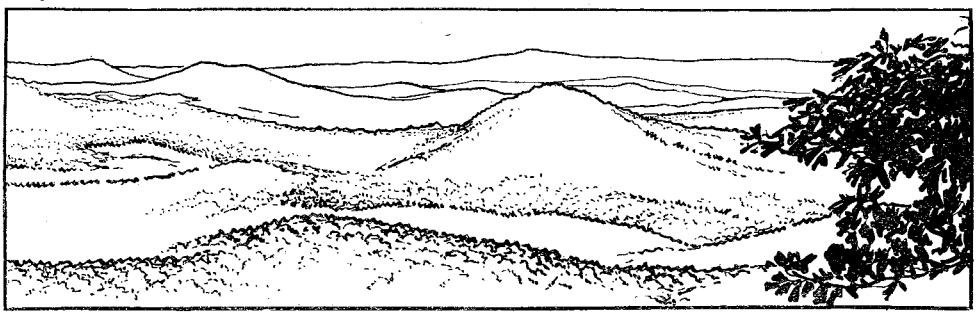
KING'S PORT, THE RETROSPECTIVE. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE"

tave Mertins in *The Storm Signal* had in mind the little village of Brooklyn in Conecuh County, Alabama. In the latter book, there is a mill scene in Covington County. The boundaries being so exactly fixed, Mr. Mertin's natural descriptions are not difficult to locate.

A writer dips into locality as he finds it convenient. George Barr McCutcheon's *Brewster's Millions*, not dependent on environment, yet touches Florida sufficiently to be noted; in Cable's *The Cavalier*, the train stops long enough at Montgomery, Alabama, to record the fact; in Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*, the hero moves through Georgia and South Carolina on General Sherman's staff. This is mere topographical indication, but in *The Crossing*, the early scenes are laid in Charleston, the places being indicated with distinctness.

Readers of *The Firing Line* are familiar with the background of Palm Beach, but Mr. Chambers is so rapid a creator of fiction that one loses sight of the fact that his *In Search of the Unknown* and his *Pasque Florida* deal with locality in southeastern Florida.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., is closely identified sectionally with North and South Carolina. *The Clansman* contains ample description of Piedmont, an ante-bellum summer resort near Charleston, and his hand touches graphically in *The Leopard's Spots*, the hills leading to the Blue Ridge. But in his latest book, *The Root of Evil*, he sends his young North Carolina hero North. From North Carolina also, saturated with village superstition and local description, comes Charles W. Chesnutt's *The Conjure Woman*, while Miss Anne Hobson, sister of Lieutenant



"IN FRONT OF THEM, ACROSS THE DIP OF THE VALLEY, LAY THE LONG, LOW RANGES OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, FOLD UPON FOLD, AS THOUGH THE HORIZON WERE RUCKED AT ITS EDGES." NORAH DAVIS'S "THE NORTHERNER."

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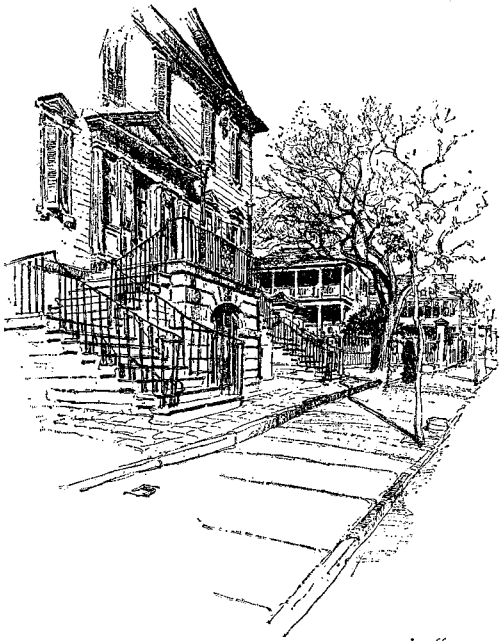
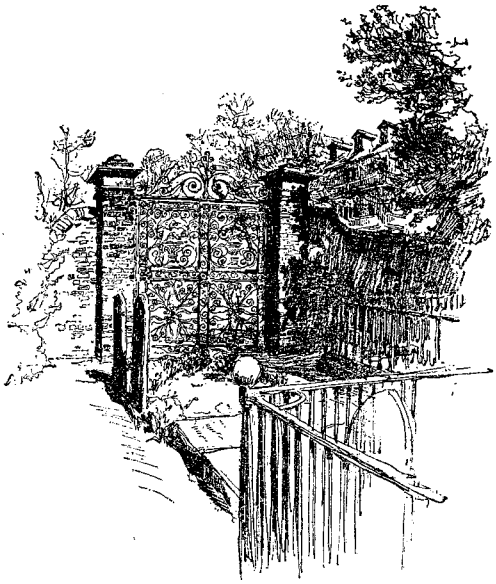


IN QUIET SOUTH PLACE. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."



A TOTAL ABSENCE OF OBSCURE GROCERS REPOSING UNDER GIGANTIC OBELISKS. OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."

"BENEATH THE DREAMY BRANCHES OF UDOLPHO." OWEN WISTER'S "LADY BALTIMORE."

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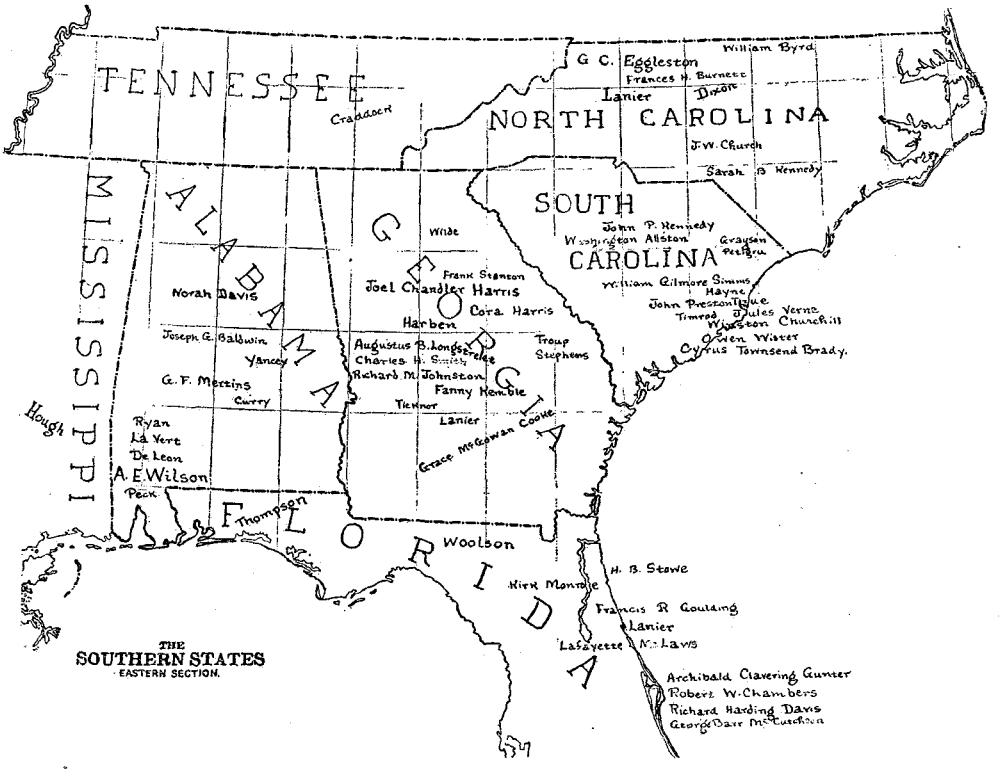
R. P. Hobson, has written some plantation chronicles called *In Old Alabama.*

The Lower South in fiction is far more casual in treatment than Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana in fiction, where there are dominant writers associated with the locality. Those visiting authors who come to the South in strictly social manner get the external setting, but the spirit is superficial and light. The Southern writer who deals with the soil mixes in his fiction some of the tang of the fields. That is its strength. For the local Lower South, save in Florida—made a resort through climate and Northern capital—is barren in special weight unless it is connected with a reminiscent past which is rapidly going, or with the problematic present which is sociologically and economically vital. The literary map of the Lower South is full, the territory covered in varied manner, but the distinctive writer, except Cable, who has special atmosphere, has yet to come in the sense that Mr. Page and Miss Glasgow mean Virginia, while Mr. Fox, Mr. Allen, and Miss Murfree mean the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.



THE TRAIL OF THE LOWER SOUTH

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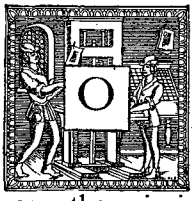
STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

IV—Strange Stories of the United States Supreme Court



N February 1, 1910, when the United States Supreme Court solemnly celebrated its one hundred and twentieth birthday by docketing its twenty-two thousandth case, the coincidence was considered remarkable, but not so strange as the fact that when the court convened for the first time, in New York, February 1, 1790, it adjourned for lack of business, after appointing its clerk. To-day, litigants are often doomed to stand in the waiting line for three years before they can be heard. The first Chief Justice, John Jay, after enduring the somnolence of the court for six years, tendered his resignation to Washington with the intimation that the tribunal was a limbo for lawyers, and the governorship of New York was a more ambitious post. The court has been known for the past generation as the "Heaven of Legal Ambition," and recently we have proof of the fact that the governorship of the Empire State, while much more coveted than it was a century ago, is considered below the rank of even an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court—for, when Mr. Hughes stepped out of the Governor's chair to mount to the Bench of the United States Supreme Court, he most emphatically reversed the opinion of the First Chief Justice of the United States, subsequently Governor of New York.

THE COURT'S SOCIAL STANDING

But the far-seeing eyes of President Washington did not underestimate the honour attached to the office, if John Jay did. Social tradition states that, at a Presidential dinner given in the Executive Mansion in New York, Washington announced to the assembly about to be seated at the table—

"The Chief Justice of the United States will sit at my right hand."

The courteous wave of the great man's hand to the seat right of him should have served as an index for the social position of the United States Supreme Court in subsequent years; and thus have spared that dignified body of men from seeming participants in petty strife for social precedence. This they have settled very effectively of recent years, by not attending any functions where their social precedence might be made a matter of controversy. The justices and their wives pay the first calls on the President and his wife, and on the Vice-President and his wife, and acknowledge no other superiors socially.

It is a time-honoured custom that the court call in a body on the President of the United States immediately before convening each fall. And it was seldom that the Chief Executive was not there to meet them. But, when President Roosevelt flew down to the canebrakes of Louisiana to hunt bears just at the time the formal call of the Supreme Court was due, some of the old inhabitants of Washington gasped, and others raised their eyebrows and asked—

"What can you expect of a man who thinks the Constitution is out of date?"

THE JAY TREATY

Despite the fact that President Washington considered the office of Chief Justice one of great honour and dignity, he had a difficult time proving it to others, mainly because he was unfortunate in his selections—or rather the fate that overtook them. When Jay resigned, he appointed John Rutledge, formerly one of the original five associate justices, who had resigned to become Chief Justice of his native State—South Carolina. He was its Patrick Henry—a splendid orator, inheriting from his Celtic parents a poetic temperament mingled with a passionate love of justice; too ardent on many occasions when he lacked the calm

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deliberation which is essential in a judge who would be worthy of his power. Loyalty to a person, a party, or a cause, more than once hurt his legal career, and eventually killed it.

His love for France was as intense as his Irish-American hatred for England, and when on the very day that he received Washington's tender of the Chief Justiceship, the exact terms of Jay's treaty with Great Britain were made known in his town, he was wild. The excitement in Charleston was intense; and the leading citizens, many of them of French descent, burned in effigy Jay and his treaty before the very doors of the British Consul, and dragged the flag of Great Britain in the dirt of the streets. This, to signify their contempt for the British and for the Americans who cringed to them! The Charleston *Gazette* called for an indignation meeting to be held July 16, 1795. And, though Rutledge's appointment as Chief Justice of the United States dated from July 1st, he addressed the seething populace, denouncing the treaty as "prostituting the dearest rights of freemen at the feet of royalty!"

Wrath in England was followed by contemptuous remarks that the United States could not at least find a diplomatic man for the office of Chief Justice. Consternation reigned in our executive, legislative, and judicial branches; and many were provoked that Rutledge so far forgot his office. Oliver Ellsworth, who succeeded him, exclaimed on hearing of his impassioned speech to the Carolinians—*"He acted like the devil!"* The majority in Congress thought that, too, and, though Rutledge had held a few sittings, when Congress convened in December his confirmation was voted down. This was a terrible blow to Rutledge, who "had sat at the very cradle of Liberty"—the Stamp Act Congress—and he retired from public life; his mind weakened under the humiliation. Five years later he died, and they buried him in the shadow of old St. Michael's, his grave to become a mecca to those who admired him, and forgave him his legal sin because he was so loyal to our allies—so passionately devoted to his own land.

JAY'S IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS

Washington next chose William Cushing (another of the original associate justices) for the Chief Justiceship; but, before he could sit on the Bench he was compelled to resign on account of ill health, which was very disappointing to Washington, for Adams had characterised Cushing as "an extremely prudent man." He was also a splendid patriot; for, though he held a seat in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts under the Crown, he forsook it when the Revolution broke out, to become one of the judges of the Superior Court, appointed by Congress. Financial recompense was uncertain; and he often held court with British bayonets bristling all around him. He was refused accommodations at Tory inns; and, to see that he did not starve, his brave wife travelled with him to prepare his meals on the "travelling kitchen," which they carried on the road.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, finally became the accepted successor of John Jay; and Washington died the year before Ellsworth was compelled to resign on account of ill health. Ellsworth was of a very jolly disposition and a wit, despite his declaration that the secret of his success was that he had "absolutely no imagination and that he could illustrate his points by diagrams, not pictures." He won his first case while a student at Princeton. It was one of the rules that no student should appear on the campus with a hat on his head. Oliver was discovered wearing a cap, and taken before the authorities. He begged permission to defend himself, and it being given, said—

"Gentlemen, I plead not guilty to wearing a hat on the campus. The definition of a hat is that it consists of a crown and a brim; and I wore a cap, which having no brim, cannot be considered a hat in the strict meaning of the term."

Naturally, his logic and wit saved him, and he was excused. He always managed to get out of embarrassing situations adroitly. When he began to practise before the court at Hartford, he was so poor that he had to walk the ten miles which stretched between his home and the town, and he usually whistled, or

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worked his mind when he walked. One day a neighbour in a carriage passed him and pertinently asked, "Why walk to town, Ellsworth?"

"Ah, my friend," responded Oliver, "we all must walk at some time in our lives, and I prefer to do so whilst I'm young!"

About a year before General Washington's death, he had the pleasure of seeing his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington, seated on the United States Supreme Court Bench—which place he held for thirty-one years. He was a small, wiry man, who never seemed to tire; and on some of his circuit trips he held court for sixteen hours at a time. These trips took him over a wide area, and no matter whether he travelled on horseback, coach, or slow-moving boats, he kept his nose close to law books much of the time; for he loved the study of law as much as he liked to expound it—with the result that he injured his eyesight and eventually lost the sight of one eye. But those who knew Judge Washington were wont to declare that he could see more with that one eye than one man in a thousand could with two perfectly good eyes. That one eye was positively uncanny—as if it revolved around his head—for, though he seemed seldom to turn his head, he had such perfect use of that one eye it seemed to take in everything going on about him.

CLAY AND THE JUDICIAL SNUFF-BOX

There was one man who had no fear of that eye, nor was he abashed in the chamber of the elect—that man was Henry Clay. The story is told that one day he was arguing a case before the bench when his eyes fell on the ornate snuff-box which lay open on the arm of Justice Washington's chair, and with the same assurance he would display if the same were proffered to him in less sacred precincts, he stopped his discourse to help himself to the snuff; while the spectators' nerves tingled as if a capital crime was committed in their presence, Henry appeared regaled—nothing more—as he sniffed the golden brown dust up his nostrils; and then addressed the amazed owner:

"I perceive your honour sticks to Scotch!"

As Washington appeared oblivious of this transgression, the officers of the court followed his example; though they may have felt that Mr. Clay should be drawn and quartered for this flippancy in the face of the United States Supreme Court. Justice Washington delivered his opinion privately to a close friend:

"I believe Henry Clay to be the one man in the United States who would have dared to take such a liberty."

Justice Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, who served for thirty-four years (1811-1845), lived up to his surname, and gained the reputation of always having a fresh anecdote, or story, in mind, despite the claim that there is nothing new in that line. The following is one of his, and while it is very old, and has been told thousands of times by legal lights who appreciate its point, and by those who have cherished some choice stories to be told over the wine, it is still very fresh; neither the mould of years nor amendments to the Constitution have affected it in the least:

THE JUSTICES AND THE MADEIRA

Chief Justice Marshall and Justice Story were unable to set up domestic establishments in the city of Washington during the early part of their term of office; and so they did what many statesmen of that day did, when Fate landed them at the straggling village known as The National Capital—they formed a "mess" and took quarters in lodging houses. It was rather sordid, to be sure, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. Of course, they had to have something substantial to cheer them in that life, and though one hailed from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia, they both agreed on Madeira. Story does not say he proposed it—but we hardly think the Virginian did—that they both eschew Madeira and other intoxicants, excepting when it was raining; then it was excusable to indulge, in order to prevent, or banish, a cold. Agreed! The plan worked well until Washington was visited by one of the longest dry seasons that ever struck that part of the country; but it wasn't much dryer than Marshall, who stood it as long as he could

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without complaining, and then one day said to the younger judge:

"Brother Story, won't you please go to the window and see if it is raining."

The air was as dry as Arizona—but Story obeyed, and screwing his head around in every direction, as he poked it out of the window, he reported—

"No rain in sight! Not a cloud!"

"Umph!" said the Great Expounder. "That's in Washington! Well, our jurisdiction extends over a vast territory, and it surely must be raining somewhere in it! Say, Story, let's have some Madeira!"

Chief Justice Marshall served for thirty-four years, and his successor, Roger B. Taney, served twenty-nine years; and their long terms, untouched by stain and ending only with death, gave the position of Chief Justice of the United States a stability, a dignity, that has made many men aspire to it; some of whom would rather have it than the presidency.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY

Roger Brooke Taney, like our present Chief Justice, was a Catholic; but that did not make any difference with President Jackson, who appointed him; and if any of the narrow-minded resented, they took good care not to let "Old Hickory" hear them; for they had vivid proof that he resented any criticisms of his appointments as he would a personal insult. But Roger Brooke Taney did him credit; and, though physically a feeble man, stood like a giant in those brain-wrecking, heart-rending years when the question of slavery was setting almost an entire nation mad. He was a Southerner by birth and breeding. He did not forget *that* when he made the famous decision in the Dred Scott case, nor that it would be charged against him that his decision was made to protect his kinsmen, when he said that under the United States Constitution the negroes had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. No provision was made for them, and therefore they had no rights save what might be accorded them by their masters. For this decision he was cordially hated by the abolitionists; and some there were who would have him removed from his high seat; but he lived to administer the oath of President to Lincoln and to quietly sustain him until 1864, when death came.

He was the idol of the Maryland Bar then, as he is to-day. His bronze statue occupies the place of honour before the State House at Annapolis, and another imposing one is enthroned in Baltimore—where he resided many years—occupying a small park with the old Washington Monument. His remains lie under a simple slab—over which tall grass and timothy nod—in a small Catholic churchyard in Frederick, Maryland. His mother lies beside him; and the touching story is told that, knowing death was near, and after listening to his beloved friends ask which city should have the honour of holding his body when his spirit fled—Baltimore or Annapolis—where his fame was great and a splendid monument would be erected, he replied:

"Lay me beside her whose form I first laid beside—My Mother—in the cemetery at Frederick."

CHASE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, voted to have been the handsomest man who ever sat on the United States Supreme Court Bench, and, at the same time, one of the ablest, was noted almost as much for his beautiful, brilliant daughter, Kate, as for his legal ability. She inherited her good looks and her intellect from him, and he was extremely proud of her—as she of him. His ambition for the Presidency was for her sake as much as his own. She was one of the transient belles of Washington, and he wished to see her the First Lady of the Land. He became a candidate for President, but the convention nominated Lincoln. When Lincoln made up his first Cabinet, he appointed Chase Secretary of the Treasury—partly to console him for loss of the greater gift; and then, when Taney died, he gave Chase the highest office he had in his power to give—that of Chief Justice of the United States. Yet, when his daughter Kate heard the good news by a delegation calling on her father, she shook her pretty finger—half in play, half with chagrin—in the faces of the politicians, and exclaimed:

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"Ah, I see in this a plot to shelve poor papa, so he wont persist for the Presidency!"

And what this shrewd young woman said that night is a proverb in politics to this day.

WOMEN AND THE SUPREME COURT

In the beginning, it was not dreamed that women would meddle with the affairs of the Supreme Court, much less appear before it; but since Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood made herself famous by practising before it, almost three dozen have obtained the privilege. But not since Mrs. Lockwood argued there in Indian claims (which eventually yielded her fat fees) was so much interest taken in a woman pleader as when, in the winter of 1910, Lyda B. Conley, the only Indian lawyer in the world, appeared before the high tribunal to have it decide whether Congress had the right to sell the old Wyandotte Indian Cemetery in Kansas, where her parents and other ancestors were buried. She is a full-blooded Wyandotte, and very proud of it, and when the promoters came to wreck the cemetery which covered two acres in the heart of Kansas City, she and her brave sister guarded the place with rifles; scornful of the citizens of Kansas City who would allow this spot to be destroyed—for it is, she says, "the only plot in the city which is covered with natural sod, and the grass which grows there was there when Kansas City was an Indian village." When Miss Conley appeared before the Supreme Court, she declared to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who interrogated her, that her reasons for wanting the cemetery to remain untouched were "based primarily on sentimental grounds," though she contended her legal ground was that the Chief of the Wyandotte tribe, who sold the land embracing the cemetery to the promoters, had no right to do so without consulting the relatives of those buried therein.

Justice Holmes was very sympathetic, though her contention would not hold; and suggested that the bodies could be interred elsewhere. Then the Indian woman asked the learned justice—

"What would be left of a body buried in a blanket over fifty years ago?"

There was no reply to this; nor was exception taken by the court, as happened on one occasion when a famous lawyer's argument sounded like an instructive lecture to the tender ears of the leading expounders, causing the Chief Justice to lean forward in his chair and interrupt the advocate—in a smooth tone which acted like a piece of ice slipping down the offender's spine—

"Sir, it is perfectly safe to assume that the Supreme Court of the United States knows something."

THE CASE OF THE COLLAR BUTTON

There is a line over which humour may pass in the impressive chamber, but it must come from the privileged side of the division, namely, the Bench; for he is brave, or bold, indeed, who would joke with the justices, unless he receives unmistakable encouragement to enter the tilt of wits. Not many years ago, the Hon. Charles E. Mitchell, Commissioner of Patents during the first half of Harrison's administration, was arguing an infringement of patent case involving a collar button, when one of the justices solemnly inquired if the mentioned invention was one that "would not drop out of the wearer's shirt, and slide under bed or bureau, thus causing the loser to drop on his knees and——" an eloquent pause —"hunt for it?" The counsel as seriously, some say sorrowfully, disclaimed ever coming in contact with any such wonderful invention as a "cussless collar button." (Though he did not use this exact term in referring to an invention yet to materialise.)

The late Chief Justice Fuller—usually so serious and impassive when on the Bench that his low tone aggravated the lawyers, who frequently did not know whether his decisions were favourable or adverse—cracked a joke in court a couple of years ago, at the expense of his associate, Justice John Marshall Harlan, of Kentucky, the brilliant, well-beloved "dean of the Bench." The occasion was when Livingstone Gifford, a lawyer, was arguing that certain perforated rolls of music were being used by a rival concern which was violating the copyright law. To illustrate his point, he said—

"I will now compare two famous se-

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lections, *Molly Cottontail* and *Kentucky Babe*. I will first take up *Molly Cottontail*—" whereupon the hoary Chief Justice leaned forward and asked anxiously —"Don't you think that would be a discrimination against our friend, Justice Harlan, who is from Kentucky?" A ripple of mirth came from those close enough to hear the Chief Justice's pretended stand for precedence.

FULLER AND THE REPORTER

There is no doubt that Chief Justice Fuller was much annoyed in the declining years of his life by the almost weekly reports that he was about to retire from the Bench, which he had no intention of doing, for he, like his predecessors since John Marshall, believed that nothing but death should retire a man who was honourably filling the exalted position of Chief Justice of the United States. A couple of years before his death—which occurred last Independence Day—he was approached by a persistent newspaper man in Chicago, who wished to know if there was any truth in the statement he would retire, and if so when?

"That, sir," replied the Chief Justice with gentle dignity carrying a rebuke to the presumptuous person, "is a matter known only to a higher power than any on this earth."

That, in his quiet way, he was passionately fond of the dignity of his position is not to be doubted for a moment; and, even if it was not an unwritten rule that no member of the Supreme Court should allow himself to be mentioned for the Presidency, his attitude would have been as it was when in 1892 and 1896, respectively, some of his Democratic friends suggested that he allow himself to be mentioned as a candidate—he prayed that they might leave him out of the race; for, while considering that the executive and judiciary branches of our government are co-ordinate, he wished to live up to the old principle—which was his principle, too—that they should not be linked in politics.

THE TILDEN-HAYES CONTROVERSY

Of course, it cannot be claimed that there have not been instances when Presidential politics paved the way to the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is hypocritical for any student of American history to claim that politics have never polluted the sacred atmosphere of the Supreme Court. The Electoral Commission of 1877—to determine whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected for the office of Chief Executive—put a blot on the otherwise fair records of the Supreme Court which not even we who venerate the great tribunal can ignore; though we may hope it will never occur again, even though this nation endures for a million years.*

Article XII of the Constitution explicitly provides for the choosing of the President, in event it is conceded that no one person obtained a majority of votes:

> If no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. . . . And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

When Congress provided for the Electoral Commission—composed of three Republicans and two Democrats from the United States Senate, and three Democrats and two Republicans from the House of Representatives, and *five judges of the United States Supreme Court*—many defenders of the Constitution stood aghast, at the idea of men who were chosen to expound the Constitution flagrantly violating it, and usurping the power which it delegated to the lower house of Congress alone. The writer knew of one of the finest citizens of the United States who never cast a vote for President subsequent to that which he cast for Hayes in 1876—and he went from Washington to New York, his legal residence, to cast that. Shortly before his death, in 1900, he said that the pride

*The paragraphs about the Tilden-Hayes controversy represent the views of the writer of this article. For obvious reasons, the magazine, editorially, expresses no opinion on the subject.

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he had in the nation was so deeply wounded by the manner in which able men seemed to depart brazenly from the lines of the Constitution in electing the nineteenth President of the United States that he could never bear going to the polls again. And, in all probability, there were hundreds who acted likewise, though they held their reason locked in a shamed chamber of their memories.

Among those who openly denounced this method of choosing the President of 1877 was John Bigelow—the renowned journalist and diplomatist—who repeated his sentiments regarding this in an open letter to Judge Choate, published in the New York *Sun*, July 19, 1903. And Henry Watterson is as sensitive on the subject, if not as vehement, as on that day when he arose in the House of Representatives and declared that more than forty thousand Democrats were prepared to march to Washington and insure the inauguration of Mr. Tilden. But, despite all the mutterings of war, Hayes was peacefully inaugurated on Monday, March 5, 1877, taking the oath of office on the eastern portico of the Capitol, in view of thousands of quiet spectators, with the usual amount of troops nearby. Chief Justice Waite, who administered the oath of office, took no part in the Electoral Commission. It is said he flatly refused to do so, having no desire to be written in history as the Great Violator of the Constitution.

Prominent among historical paintings in the Capitol is "The Florida Case Before the Electoral Commission, February 5, 1877," painted from sittings in the Supreme Court chamber by Cordelia Adele Fassatt. It pictures over two hundred and fifty persons—among the number many ladies—who were present on that memorable occasion. Congress paid fifteen thousand dollars for this painting, and as an historical document it is worth the sum. The writer heard several thinking persons remark that they wish it were not in the classical building, at the western front of which sits the bronze figure of the man who defined the Constitution in words that admitted no argument. And yet, this most just man would probably hold that such evidence of the fall from grace might serve to remind the members of the Supreme Court of this and future generations to watch their steps more carefully, for without signs of danger even some of the most erect men are apt to slip when on political ice. John Marshall never believed in ruling out evidence material to a case because it betrayed the weakness of an individual or a party.

THE APPOINTMENT OF HARLAN

One of the most interesting stories told of John Marshall Harlan—who is a worthy namesake of the Great Expounder, and who like him has served about thirty-four years on the United States Supreme Court Bench—is that he was appointed Associate Justice by President Hayes as a reward for his zeal in examining and investigating affairs in sections where votes were disputed. This he did for the love of law and justice, taking his own time and using his own money; and though he aspired to "the Heaven of Legal Ambition"—as all good lawyers have done, and may do—he did not contemplate asking for the vacant chair on the Bench until he learned that—without confiding in him—his law partner, Bristow, was seeking the place. Mr. Harlan went to Washington to learn, from those apt to know, whether there was any truth in the rumour that Bristow was after the vacancy. President Hayes confirmed the fact. Then Mr. Harlan presented his claim—for he had worked much harder than Bristow to elect Hayes. The President was satisfied that Harlan was the man for the place; and his appointment and confirmation soon followed. Thus far may politics approach the sacred precinct of the United States Supreme Court—and no farther.

JUSTICE HARLAN AND THE TOBACCO CASES

Not only as a judge of the Supreme Court, but as a judge of tobacco, Justice Harlan found in the recent arguments in the Tobacco Dissolution suit most absorbing material; for he not only smokes, but chews. Chewing seems to help him in his reflections, for, in a well-bred manner—rivalling the ability which some girls have to chew gum in school and not be detected by the teacher—he enjoys his plug when sitting in court, and few are

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cognisant of this departure from strict etiquette. But Justice Harlan doesn't care if the whole world—including Mrs. Carrie Nation—knows that he is very fond of tobacco; and when, last January, W. B. Hornblower spoke in behalf of the "British Tobacco Trust," known as the Imperial Tobacco Company, Mr. Harlan asked him if he could explain, or advance any theory, why it is impossible to get any chewing tobacco which is not unsound, rotten, or adulterated? (He spoke from sad experience of late years.) The counsel was undeniably pleased at being able to answer, and throw the blame on the American companies:

> The Imperial Tobacco Company never manufactured chewing tobacco. My understanding is that the English people do not chew tobacco, and the only demand for it in England is by tourists.

Not only Justice Harlan, but the entire Bench and all in the court chamber, listened attentively another day when McReynolds, one of the attorneys for the United States, gave a vivid description of the evolution of the tobacco trade; from the early days of the Virginia colony—when the majority of planters went crazy over tobacco to the neglect of their corn crops—to the present day, when the Tobacco Trust has the small dealers by the throat. As any one who has studied the subject knows, there is a number of romances wrapped in the history of tobacco; and Mr. McReynolds used the material with such splendid effect, that a listener was moved to remark to De Lancey Nicoll (who opened the argument for the tobacco companies)—"that it was as interesting as a fairy tale!"

"It *is* a fairy tale," sarcastically remarked De Lancey Nicoll.

Shortly before Associate Justice White became Chief Justice, he had occasion to raise his well-modulated voice in the little court room, the better to express his indignation that any one dare stand up in that court and "cast aspersions upon a co-ordinate branch of the Government not contained in the records being considered by the court."

A New York attorney contended that the courts of the District of Columbia had erred in refusing to compel the War Department officials to produce in court for examination the records in the case of Second Lieutenant Winslow Hart Reeves, of the artillery corps, for the purpose of reinstating him in the service. After stating that his client suffered from nervous exhaustion while in the Philippines and should have been retired on three-fourths pay, but was discharged instead—the forgetful attorney proclaimed with fervour that might have delighted Rutledge—

"In this day of imperialism, it seems to be the feeling, even among judges, that the President of the United States can do anything. The time was when an officer would spurn the idea of promotion through his wife's influence. Things have changed now. To be a great soldier you must bow to the sceptre and be a lickspittle."

Just there, Justice White interrupted the lawyer, who had to bow to the Bench and apologise before he was allowed to proceed. (But he seemed pleased at having expressed himself, nevertheless.)

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—who attracts the stranger in the chamber because he is the son of the much-admired and widely-read Autocrat, Philosopher and Poet of the Breakfast Table—on the 6th of March last, had the distinction of rendering the opinion of the court in Virginia's suit against West Virginia to compel the latter to pay her share of the old Virginia State debt as it was accounted January 1, 1861. West Virginia is said to have acknowledged her liability in the Ordinance of Wheeling, at the time when the divorce of West Virginia from Old Virginia took place; the Mother State pledged to the Confederacy and West Virginia to the Union. Ever since the Civil War, which left Virginia very poor, indeed, she has been trying to collect this old debt from West Virginia, who has grown wealthier with the years because of her developed coal fields and oil wells, which were in a virgin state at the time of the great conflict. Virginia finally brought her suit into the United States Supreme Court, where the opinion was recently rendered that West Virginia's proportion of the old debt was $7,182.46, which she must pay. The

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court left the matter of interest to the two States to decide by conference. Justice Holmes, who wore the blue in the Civil War, concluded his opinion with this sentiment—

> This case is one which calls for forbearance on both sides. Great States have a temper superior to that of private litigants, and it is to be hoped that enough has been decided for patriotism, the fraternity of the Union and mutual consideration to bring it to an end.

THE DIGNITY OF THE JUSTICES

No matter what are the decisions in the notable cases recently before the United States Supreme Court—The Tobacco Trust and The Standard Oil—they may redound to the benefit of the court; for the great array of legal talent present at the hearings, and the pressure from the public to gain admittance—to which all respectable persons are entitled, if there is room—has proven the necessity for speedy Congressional action toward a new and adequate Temple of Justice. It is a further proof of the delicate lines drawn between this court and politics—or whatever approaches lobbying—that the great justices suffer many physical inconveniences rather than agitate the question of new quarters. For one thing, it is beneath their dignity to sue Congress for anything, especially when Congress should have an eye to their official necessaries, and Congress is certainly aware that the little old Senate chamber, which it vacated for its new chamber over fifty years ago, and turned over to the United States Supreme Court, does not fit the court of this day, any more than the enlarged Congress of this period would fit in the halls it had fifty years ago.

Another reason why the members of the court may hesitate to press their case—even did etiquette permit—they are loath to forsake that chamber, haunted by the spirits of intellectual giants, for a new, magnificent home lacking that unpurchasable atmosphere of historical association and memories that mellow with the years.

MY LADY READS THE "ILIAD"

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

My lady sighs and smiles upon
The open book that she has read;
Fond Homer's heart may still be glad,
For roses bloom where Spartans bled;
And Menelaus' golden head
Has found at last his loved one's breast,
To learn of all the tears she shed
In vagrant love that stood no test.

Of bright Achilles' magic spell,
Of Agamemnon's haughty face,
Of mingling prayer and temple bell
In twilight groves of 'chanted Thrace,
Of Paris wise through love's embrace,
Of Helen, in that ancient rhyme,
My lady reads and smiles to trace
The mockery of passing time.

My lady smiles with brightened eye—
Perchance she knew those days gone by,
And lives again that night she kissed
Some lover 'neath the Ægean sky.

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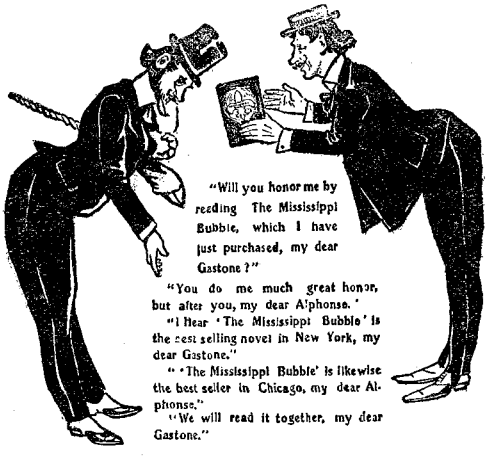
THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART I

ONE naturally thinks of *Trilby* and *Ben Hur* as beginning the story of modern book advertising. But neither of these books was, comparatively speaking, advertised at all; their exploitation was—though not unwillingly—thrust upon them. It is curious that Taine's *English Literature* sounds the first note of the modern idea of the advertising campaign. That particular campaign is now over twenty-five years old and it still offers, says Mr. Holt, his best definite evidence of the success of such a policy. The enormous sales of both of the novels that begin the modern era in the book-trade came about through natural publicity, neither inspired nor cultivated.

Trilby was floated by a number of contributing circumstances. The story dealt picturesquely with hypnotism, just then beginning to engage the public imagination. Whistler had claimed that he was caricatured as Joe Sibley and Du Maurier had been forced to cut out the character. The story was printed serially and Du Maurier was supposed to have threatened to sue Harpers on account of some omissions. The book had not been out much over a year before it reached the stage and several different actresses played the name part. Then there were the drawings of the author, which were so distinctive that the characters took definite shape in the public mind. An excellent illustration of this, and also of how largely the book entered at once into the public life, is the fact that it became quite a fad for three men who in size resembled Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee to promenade New York's Fifth Avenue and Broadway, assisting their likeness by their costume. Thus it will readily be recognised that here, in an artless state of nature, existed all those elements of publicity which were to be so cunningly contrived or coaxed at a later period. And those ideas that were not supplied by *Trilby* were furnished to the future professional advertisers by *Ben Hur*. An argument between Ingersoll and Wallace started this book. Unable to answer his opponent, Wallace went home to read his Bible for ammunition, and then began his story. The book was published in 1880 and the sale began to grow steadily only after its second year. Two things happened in the year 1881. Wallace told Garfield the genesis of the story, and the President, much impressed, wrote a letter commending the book to the attention of the public. The letter was widely published, and also the fact that the author had been appointed to Turkey. Though such a book was bound to make its way, its sales became so active at once that these two facts had an unmistakable bearing. It would otherwise have been a long time before it reached even its present selling-figure. Both this and the continued drawing power of the play are among the marvels of the trade.



ALPHONSE AND GASTON IN BOOKLAND

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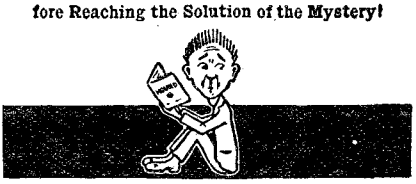
"ROBERT ELSMERE"

The phenomena which attended the appearance of these two books—the first widely selling novels of our age—became the devices of a later generation. But though publishers got for the first time a dim notion of how extensive was the public waiting to be reached, they went on a while longer, content for the most part with dignified and emotionless announcement of their wares. Books like *Mr. Isaacs* and *Looking Backward* were forced to make their way unaided, and they naturally took a long while to do it. No one seemed to comprehend that the enormous popularity which came to them later did not have to be deferred—in the case of the latter book until after the

Consider the Lily of the Field.
Verily, he out-Sols Solomon.
He has Due and Proper Cause.
Is he to be Queen of the May, Mother?
No; but it is his Wedding Day, Tra-la, Tra-loo!
And he Hastes to Church?
Not he.
Why not?
The Matter has Escaped his Mind.
Careless Mind!
He is Very Busy.
Learning his Part?
No; Following a Hot Trail.
Trail of What?
THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
What of his Marriage?
Sh! You'll disturb him.
But the Bride?
Don't Worry. She's Busy, too.
What. Has she also a Copy of the Book?
Just so.
And there will be no Wedding?
Not To-day. Some other day.
When Both have Finished the Story?
Right! Go to the Head.

Aha! A Warrior of Old!
Not at all. It is an Ordinarily Peaceable Citizen.
Why, then, the War-Path Rig?
He is About to Commit Justifiable Homicide on an Intimate Friend.
Why Such Extreme Measures?
The I. F. Butted in on him as he was Reading THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
And Interrupted?
No; the Reader Was Too Deep in the Story
What Harm, then?
Just then the Phone Buzzed, and the Man went—
To Answer the Phone?
No, to Choke Off the Bell.
Then?
The I. F. Seized on the Book.
And Began the Story?
In the Middle. When he Reached the Point where Sherlock Homes Found the Mysterious Footprints—
Footprints of what?
Just then he Heard the Other Man Returning.
And Dropped the Book?
He couldn't. He Borrowed it Very Informally and Fled.
What did the Owner Do?
Observe the Picture Above.
And what Became of the I. F.?
Observe the Picture Below.
He Seems in Terror of his Life.
Worse than That.
What Could be Worse?
The Fear of Being Cut Off in his Prime Before Reaching the Solution of the Mystery!



FOR SHEER CLEVERNESS IT IS DOUBTFUL IF A CERTAIN PAMPHLET, DESIGNED TO EXPLOIT CONAN DOYLE'S "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES," HAS EVER BEEN SURPASSED. IT IS, IN ITS WAY, UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING, AND COPIES OF IT ARE NOW HIGHLY TREASURED. THE TEXT WAS WRITTEN BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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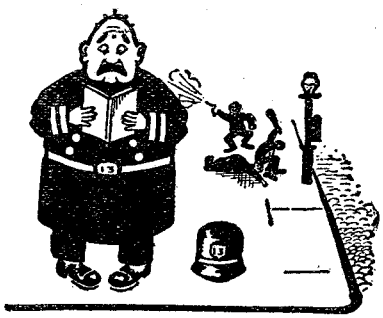

Consider now the Policeman.
Is the Policeman Alarmed?
Bless you, No!
Why, then, so Pompadour an Aspect?
That shows Absorbed Interest.
And the Two Persons Operating upon a Third?
Oh, that's a Mere Detail.
What Manner of Men are They?
They are Thugs.
Will not the Cop Butt in?
Not he.
Why not?
He is Engaged on a More Important Case.
Which is?
The Mystery of THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
How does the Cop figure?
He is assisting SHERLOCK HOLMES.
To do What?
To Catch the Hound.
And will the Obliging Policeman Catch the Hound?
Probably not. But You can.
How so?
By Following his Trail to a Book-Shop and Surrounding Him with $1.25 in Coin of the Realm.

SHERLOCK AND THE FINEST

failure of its original publisher. Then the history of *Robert Elsmere* again stirred in the publishing mind a hazy feeling that something might be done of their own initiative without waiting for things to happen. This book fell so dead that it was given away as a premium with a bar of washing soap, when suddenly Gladstone's published praise of it awakened such a fury of discussion that not to have read *Robert Elsmere* was to be left out of the conversation. Something might be done to start and direct such publicity, every one admitted; but nobody seemed to know just how to go about it. A generation ago, writes the author of *A Publishers' Confession,* the average book was never started out on its journey with over one hundred dollars. Still publishers grew gradually to recognise that they conducted a manufacturing business, and as methods of advertising were changing elsewhere no particular reason existed why theirs should not change also.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AND "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

They began, then, very timidly to apply the ideas of general advertising which they saw all about them. At first no particular phenomena attended their tentative efforts. Good books seemed to succeed without being pushed and poor books went to the wall as before, only dragging a little more money with them. Books like *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Bonnie Brier Bush* sold steadily on their own merits. But it was noticed that the curious name of the former stuck in people's minds and lent itself very well to featuring in type; that the latter was greatly assisted by Dr. Watson's lecture tour through the country and his warm personal following. In both it was to be seen that the two notions of display advertising and the personal publicity element were slowly gaining ground.

The causes of the great awakening of the American reading public about twenty years ago have never been fully investigated. All at once people who apparently had never bought books before became buyers. Very reasonably, those publishers who had increased their advertising thought that was why their sales had increased. Perhaps it was in many instances, but it is doubtful if advertising in general had anything to do with it. More subtle and at the same time more fundamental and natural causes must have been at work. But, at any rate, it made the more adventurous publishers redouble their ventures and the conservative publishers emulate discreetly and from afar what seemed to them at the time extremely sensational advertising. The history of the guarded skirmishes of

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THE WINDOW DISPLAY HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN EFFECTIVE FORM OF EXPLOITATION. A DISPLAY OF IAN MACLAREN'S "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

one of our oldest houses has both point and humour for the student of book advertising. They were three years trying to find a man who could adapt the new methods without sacrificing the dignity of the old. Men in other fields of advertising were found hopelessly unliterary, the meaning and quality of a book had no significance to them, they wanted to advertise a book like a bicycle. Then they tried to develop a man of their own, but every one who had grown up with them was saturated with the idea of the impropriety of advertising. They finally selected a promising young man with no advertising or publishing background whatever. They gave him one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and resolved to let him work out the problem without interference. For a year they saw no returns of any sort, but they were good losers and said nothing; at the end of this time it all came back in a flood. But in the interval they squirmed in secret as they beheld this green hand little by little, in spite of the strong ideas of book propriety for which they had selected him, gathering up the ideas of commercial advertising, and changing them over into his own. A black band around an advertisement was the ironical sign of their inward grief for the death of their old ideals; they paled at Plymouth type; the extension of a picture through its border made an earthquake. But when they saw that none of these immoral proceedings produced a cataclysm and that their business had begun to increase, they began to

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RUPERT OF HENTZAU

A Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." With Eight Full-page Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. 12mo, $1.50

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

A CHARLES DANA GIBSON POSTER FOR "RUPERT OF HENTZAU"

be reconciled and even to contribute new ideas themselves. Other conservative publishers had followed behind every step, and so their advertiser was driven to all sorts of new devices. This campaign took about two years and concerned itself with externals only, the creation of new methods in the presentation of the advertisement itself. The publishers who had lagged behind now began to strike ahead and the period of freak presentation was on. So general it became that the New York *World* made a practice of submitting designs to publishers, supplying them for space rates only. Doubleday, Page ran an advertisement of *The Leopard's Spots* in thirty-six point Post Old Style type transversely along an outside column of a newspaper, thus quadrupling the space. All the other publishers clamoured to follow suit, but the newspapers soon found that such printing annoyed the eye of the reader as well as impaired their dignity, and they had to stop it. Then Doubleday, feeling himself by this time fairly well identified with this size and style of type, advertised a book of Miss Ellen Glasgow's a letter a day until the full name was spelled out.

THE NEW METHOD

Book advertising had now arrived at the point where the notion was firmly entrenched that all which was necessary was to make widely known in a manner which would catch the eye the mere title of the book. Like most new methods in advertising, it met with success at first. It was universally adopted and all novels were exploited in variance of the same way. This period of freak presentation was coincident with a wild increase in the amount of advertising. Some books were getting enormous response, and this naturally led to enormous spending. All the publishers, indeed, began ruefully to realise that they were spending far too much. Consequently they hailed with de-

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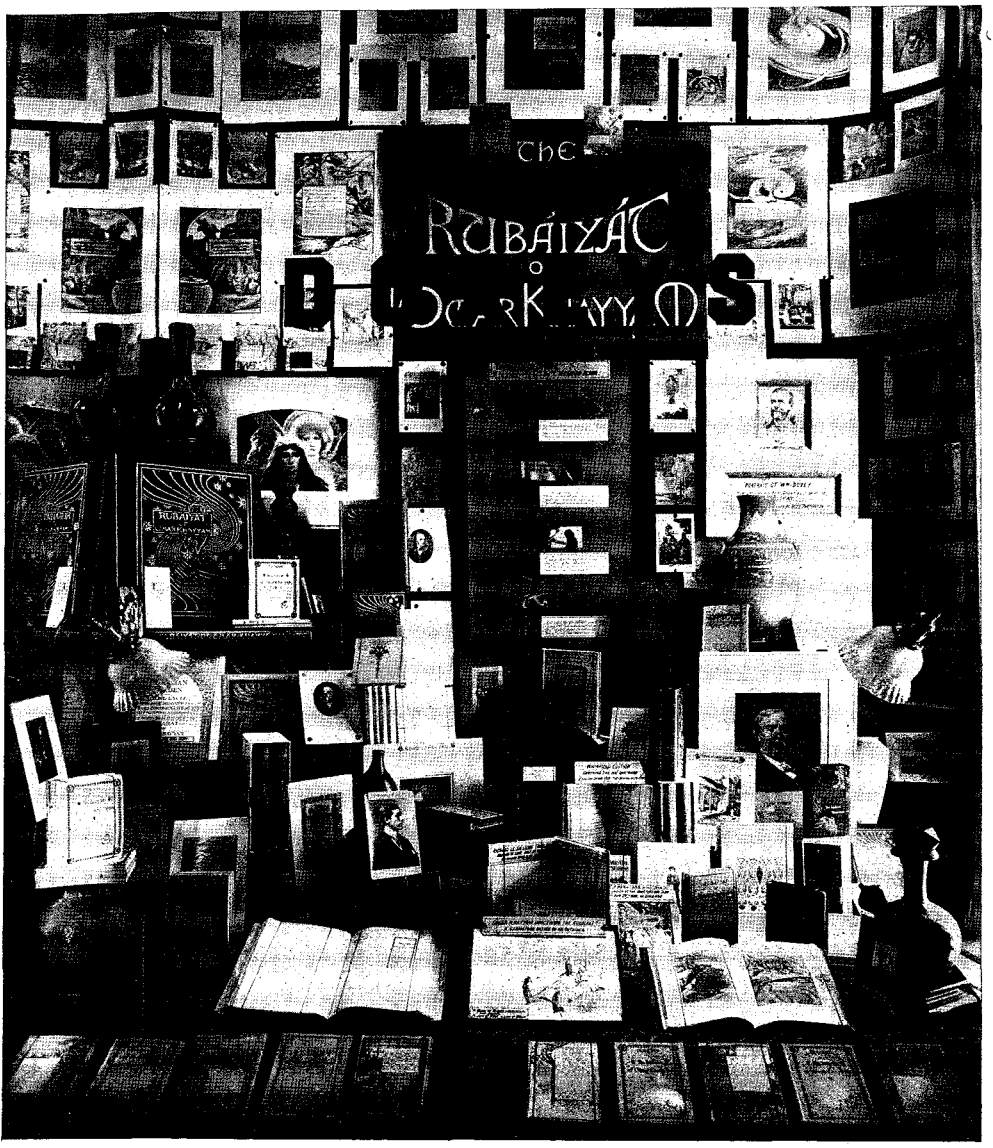

A "RUBÁIYÁT" WINDOW DISPLAY

light another notion which was just coming in—or rather returning—the notion of publicity for the author: the idea had the best of recommendations—it extended their advertising while it decreased their expenditure.

"THE JUNGLE" CAMPAIGN

It was Mr. Marcosson on *The World's Work* who whittled the notion into shape. He thought that if a new book was handled as news it could get the benefit of newspaper publicity free. He tried his hand on *The Clansman*. Reasoning that the book would start most discussion in the South, he wrote an article and syndicated it in all the Southern papers. The idea proved extremely successful in precipitating there a warm welcome for the book. But this was only a mild beginning; his second book was to prove the climax. Having read *The Jungle* in

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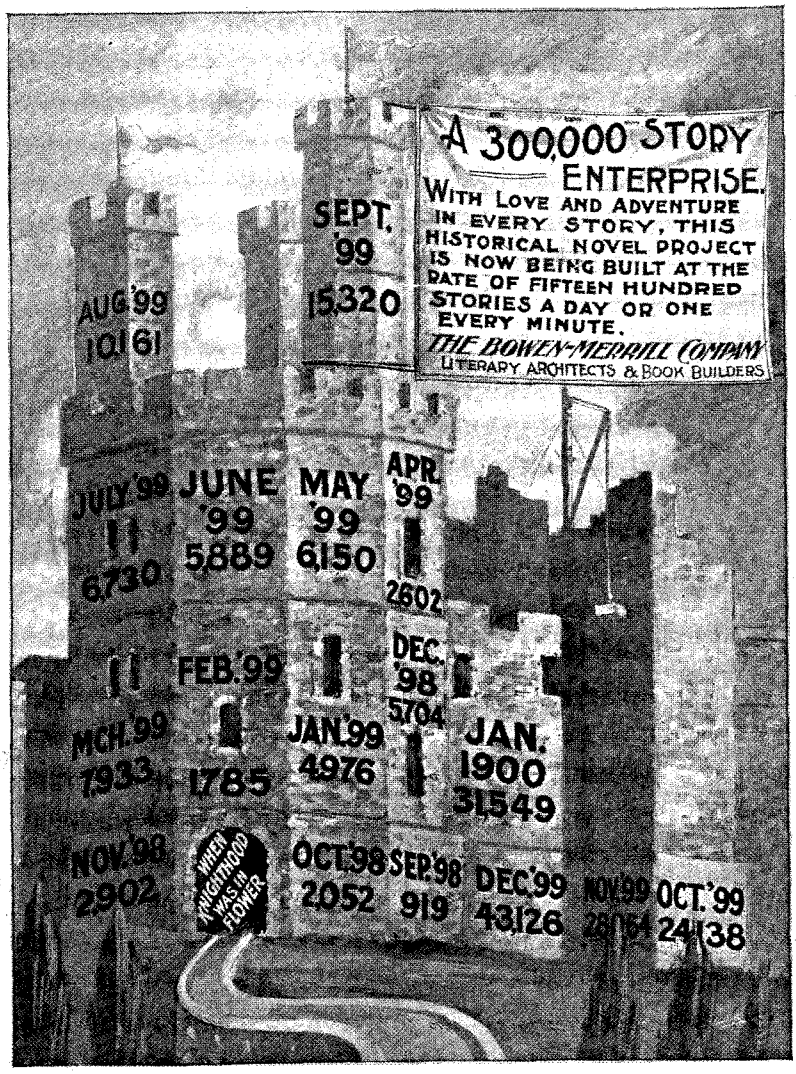

A CLEVER AND SUCCESSFUL DEVICE FOR EXPLOITING "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

manuscript, he advised Doubleday, Page to print it, providing they would first verify it and then back it up by substantial articles in *The Review of Reviews*. The firm sent him to Chicago to visit the stockyards, and his experience there corroborated Mr. Sinclair's statements. In a Chicago hotel he hatched his plans, and despatched the proofs to President Roosevelt together with a letter calculated to secure his attention. The President sent for the author, and after his talk called upon Congress for an investigation of the stockyards. In the meantime Mr. Marcosson had sent advance sheets of the book to all the papers, stating that they would be "released" on a certain day. When the President's message was before Congress, he released the book. The consequence was enormous and free publicity all over the country. In a few weeks the stomach of the world—to use Mr. Marcosson's concrete phrase—was turned. But then an untoward event happened—the commission sent to investigate returned a report whitewashing the stockyards. Something must be done at once or the campaign begun in so masterly a

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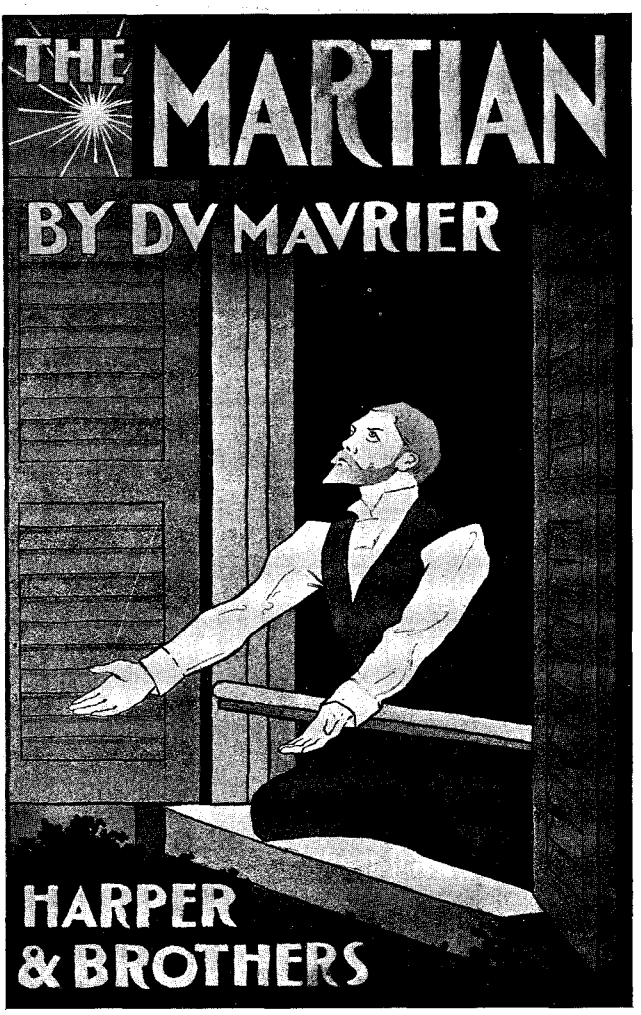

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S "THE MARTIN"

way would fall through. The author was again sent down to the President, and as a result of the interview a second commission was sent. This one confirmed the statements of the book and the President sent another message to Congress. In consequence, the stockyards were cleaned up; sanitary and hygienic regulations and supervision was established; and the world digested its next meal more easily. It is not often that a publisher in seeking to exploit his book at small expense can obtain such far-reaching results. This was the first book which seized fully upon the idea of free publicity in the news columns of the papers. But even for another *Jungle* the trick could not be so easily turned now. Newspapers are more chary of free advertising, even when the topic has unusual timeliness and news value. Furthermore, in the days when the Sunday supplements were building, the journals were as anxious to get copy at small expense as the publishers were to be advertised; and they often exploited a novel by spreading an idea from it over several columns. They were working of course to fill up their space sensationally, but incidentally they largely advertised the books.

The germ of the idea of personal publicity had been fertilising in some of the record-breakers just previous in point of time. *David Harum*, for instance, had received more publicity than paid advertising. Its early sale had been helped by

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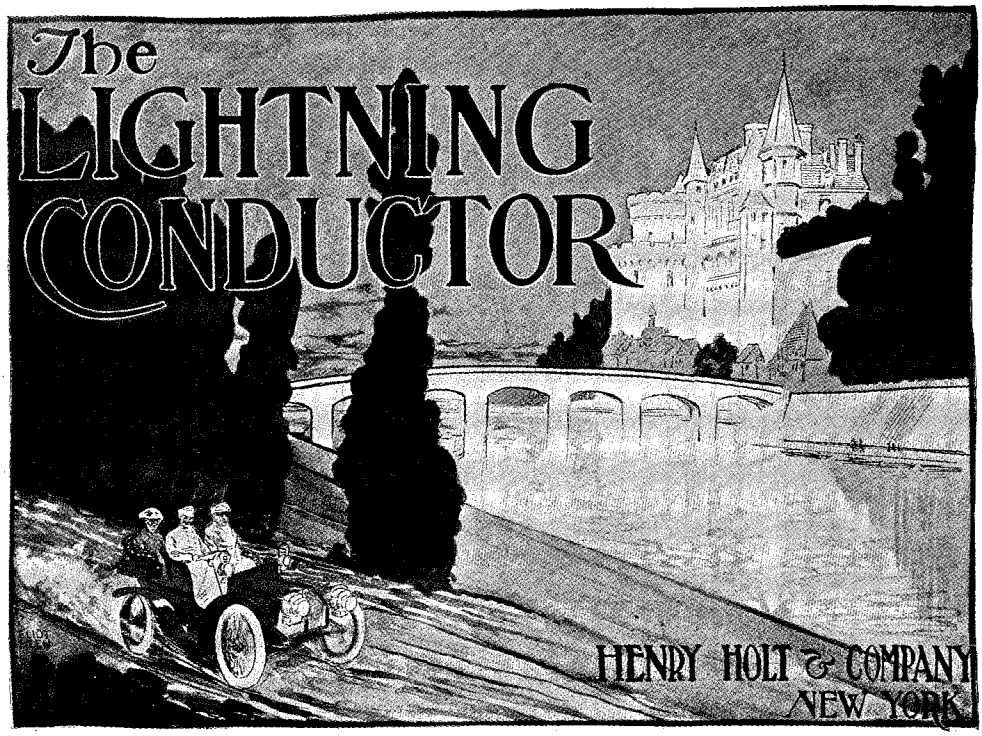

A POSTER USED TO EXPLOIT A BOOK THAT ACHIEVED A SUCCESS AS SWEEPING AS IT WAS UNEXPECTED

the report—apparently unsophisticated—that Kipling had written it; and later the papers were always commenting on the sad fact that the author had not lived to see or even suspect his success. It was, however, *The Jungle* campaign which started publishers pell mell into exploiting the personality of the author by press work. The literary notes furnished to the newspapers were much more carefully written ten years ago than now. They were often inane or slightly offensive from our point of view, but they were interesting and successful until they became overdone. The public is far more interested in hearing that Mr. McCutcheon called in a doctor for the symptoms of a character in *Graustark* and paid him a fee for it, than they are in reading about the mere mechanics of writing. Whether Mrs. Wilcox composes her poems lying down in an ivory satin Mother Hubbard or Phillips wrote his books standing up in a dressing gown does not awaken abiding interest; but a vivid picture was painted on the mind when we read that the author of *Bob, Son of Battle* was paralysed and was forced to hold his paper just above his eyes as he wrote stretched out rigid upon the bed. It made not only a warm human appeal but it had an especial pertinence to the subject of the story. Curiously enough, though the author was finally able to leave his bed, he never wrote again a book so full of the joy and surge of physical strife.

(*To be continued*)

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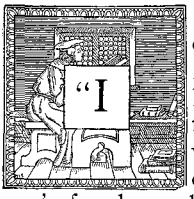
THE THEORY OF HEROES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



"I WANT a hero, an uncommon want," wrote Byron at the outset of his huge, undisciplined masterpiece; and if every writer of fiction in poetry or in prose emulated Byron's frankness he would have had no occasion to use the adjective "uncommon." There is a general impression that no sort of story can be told successfully without the presence of a hero or a heroine and that it is better, wherever possible, to have both. But there is no clear idea on the part of either author or reader just what constitutes this hero or heroine; we are constantly realising that those whom the novelists have carefully labelled as such are not the true ones. In drama the matter is simpler than in narrative fiction, because drama presupposes some sort of a struggle with Destiny or some human adversary or society at large; and therefore on the stage the word hero still retains its obvious old-fashioned meaning. In modern fiction, however, we find a great variety of stories in which there is no one character that has a leading part, no man or woman who stands out pre-eminently above the rest—and yet this apparent want of a hero does not seem in the least to detract from the power of these stories. The question naturally arises whether the trouble does not lie with the old-fashioned definition of hero and whether it is not time to revise it.

Let us take, in the first place, a class of stories best illustrated by certain novels of Mr. Henry James, of which *What Maisie Knew* and *The Ambassadors* are conspicuous examples. In these books respectively neither Maisie nor Mr. Strethers fills in any sense the old-fashioned heroic rôle. They serve first of all the inactive part of an eye-piece through which the reader beholds a series of events happening within their focus of vision; and secondly, they themselves are undergoing certain internal mental experiences, certain psychological adventures the nature of which we learn more or less indirectly. In this type of book the leading character exerts little or no influence on the course of events: Maisie, for instance, is merely a sort of human shuttlecock tossed backward and forward without volition and even, the reader suspects, without any definite idea of what it all means. Nevertheless, Maisie is Mr. James's heroine and Mr. Strethers is Mr. James's hero, not because of anything they do, but because they serve as a unit of measure by which to judge of the relative importance of every single little detail in these stories.

This, then, is the new definition that I would suggest for hero or heroine: a unit of measurement. And just as it is possible to use a double standard in science or in business; just as we may survey a field by rods and acres or metres and hectares, or weigh out butter by the pound or the kilo, so also we can and commonly do have both hero and heroine in the same story—and as we shall presently see, this does not always mean two human beings, a man and a woman; it may be and often is, a man on the one side and a big epic idea on the other.

And this brings us to a second class of modern novels which seem at first sight, like *Vanity Fair*, to be novels without a hero. Take, for instance, the whole cycle of the Rougon Macquart novels: how many of them contain any one figure that satisfies our idea of the old-fashioned hero or heroine? Octave Mouret, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the abbé himself in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, Helene in *Une Page d'Amour*, Pauline, in *La Joie de Vivre*, fulfil our demands fairly well. But how about such books as *L'Argent*, *Le Ventre de Paris*, *L'Assommoir*, *La Debacle?* Isn't it perfectly clear not only that we must regard as the real protagonist of these books the symbolic figures of the Bourse, the Halles, the Wine-shop, the God of War, but that we must so regard them because they are the units of measure by which everything included in these huge canvases are to be judged? Or again, take *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In this book the author evidently assumed that Uncle Tom was the hero; her title shows

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it, and the reading public has assumed it after her. Yet it is not true that Uncle Tom fulfils the office of hero in the sense of being the key-stone of the book's whole architecture. There are whole episodes, chapters, groups of chapters through which Uncle Tom drops out of sight. His story is not the typical story of a slave's life; it is simply one of many stories equally typical. When we follow Eliza's mad flight across the broken river ice, or lurk with Cassy and Emeline in the gloom of Legree's garret, we are not measuring their fate by the standard of Uncle Tom; we are using as our unit of measurement the tragedy of Slavery as symbolised in the slaves' cabin—the cabin into which they are thrust and out of which they may at any hour be dragged.

Usually, in books of this type, there is the double standard: the big, symbolic idea which we may regard as serving the part of heroine; and secondly, some one predominant human figure who answers more or less adequately as hero. In *Kim*, for instance, there is no question but what the central figure is India; but that does not debar us from regarding Kim himself, the Anglo-Indian waif, as a secondary and smaller unit of measurement, without which our minds would be unable to grasp the bigger dimensions of the book. But now and then we get a story that has no human hero in it, nothing at all but some abstract principle or titanic force. Such a story is Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*. In that story we have a ship swarming with Chinese coolies; and there comes a storm off the Asiatic coast which is one of those cataclysms of nature that it requires a writer of Conrad's bigness to embody within the narrow limitations of words. Those yellow coolies with their hordes of silver dollars sliding, scrambling, writhing helplessly between decks like any other kind of living merchandise are certainly as far removed from the heroic as anything containing a human soul well could be. There is one thing and only one that fulfils the office of hero in that story: namely, the typhoon itself. It is the typhoon that serves as a unit of measure; and judged by the typhoon's scale, the powers of heaven and earth loom up rather big while a cargo of yellow coolies shrinks to proportions that are prodigiously and grotesquely small.

"The Riding Master"

It would be a great and rare experience if any one month in a year could furnish a group of books all of which offered such interesting problems of construction as those we have been discussing. But the average every-day novel is in this respect sadly conventional. An exception is afforded this month by Dolf Wyllarde's latest novel, *The Riding Master*. Here is a book which, without the obscurity of Henry James, belongs quite distinctly in the same class with *What Maisie Knew*—that is to say, as regards its structural method. The Riding Master of the title is the head of a fashionable London riding-school; and it happens that there come to him, among his other pupils, a certain little group of men and women and children whose lives form a curious series of interlacing triangles. There are many irregularities in the lives of these representatives of high-life English society; some of them are moving over the thin ice of respectability; some have already experienced the unpleasantness of finding the ice cracking beneath them. Their encounters at the riding-school are often startling, dramatic, keenly embarrassing. But all this does not concern the Riding Master. Irregularities of his pupils' lives are not a part of his day's work. He simply looks on, impassive, inscrutable, fulfilling with inexhaustible patience his office of instructor; going round and round, hour after hour, day by day, the cramped circuit of the riding-school; and teaching tirelessly, ceaselessly, both the horses and the riders. He is an interesting figure, this Riding Master; a clean-cut, clean-minded young fellow of the British middle class, precociously grave and mature with a singleness of purpose that would make it impossible for anything smaller than an earthquake or a tidal wave to turn his attention from the droop of a pupil's shoulders or a faulty grip on the reins. If Dolf Wyllarde were a writer of bigger calibre, she would have seen her way to writing this story wholly within the confines of the riding-school; she would have limited our knowledge of events to such as passed immediately beneath the eyes of the Riding Master in the midst of all that harmony of soft browns—the brown of the

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tan-bark mellowed by patches of golden sunlight; the brown of the encircling panelling of ancient wood, the brown of the sleek horses whose training one realises was always a keener pleasure than the training of his human pupils. Dolf Wyllarde was unable to do the story in this bigger way—or at least she did not choose to do so. She takes us out of the school time and again, following in the wake of her other characters and giving us the key to situations over which we might otherwise have groped and puzzled helplessly. But this does not alter the fact that the Riding Master is the hero of the book. It is not merely a question how much the Riding Master knows and what he thinks of the little world around him. He is the unit of measurement by which we are allowed to gauge the sordidness, the unworthiness, the unspeakable folly of the men and women who regard him as little better than a paid attendant and whom he would have such good cause to despise.

"Denry, the Audacious"

In between his serious efforts, Mr. Arnold Bennett amuses himself by lightly throwing off whimsical farce comedies of which *Denry the Audacious* is a fair sample. The hero's name, by the way, is briefly explained at the outset by the simple fact that Denry's mother, "a somewhat gloomy woman, thin, with a tongue!" found that she could save a certain amount of time every day by addressing him as Denry instead of Edward Henry. Of plot this volume is very nearly guiltless. In so far as it has any, it belongs to the *picaresco* type. Denry's adventures are practically all of one kind and they might have been expanded and multiplied to fill a dozen volumes or curtailed to the dimensions of a short story. His audacity amounts to this: whenever he finds himself in a position menacing him with failure, social or financial, instead of losing courage, temporising, beating a retreat as sober common sense would dictate, he drives boldly, even brazenly ahead and wrenches a colossal triumph from the very jaws of disaster. A quite simple formula, you see, and one permitting of infinite variations. Add to this the fact that Mr. Bennett has a genuine sense of humour and the ability to make the most out of a paradoxical situation and you have the whole explanation why a book like this which would have been a flat failure at the hands of ninety-nine writers out of a hundred proves in this case to be very good fun indeed.

"The Married Miss Worth"

The Married Miss Worth, by Louise Closser Hale, is a good example not only of a story where the problems of life are measured by a double standard, that of the woman and that of the man; but also of a story where the contrast between these standards forms the very essence of the theme. It is a story of theatrical life and the problem offered is simply this: where a man and a woman, both of them actors, both talented and ambitious, decide to marry, what concessions should they each make for the sake of remaining together in their future work? Of course, it is too much to expect that they can always have the luck to find vacancies for both in the same company offering parts equally important and equally congenial to each of them. There will be times when the wife must content herself with some very secondary rôle, perhaps indeed merely that of understudy; or again it might be the husband who would have to choose between some minor character part in a cast where the wife played the leading rôle and the alternative of remaining behind while she goes upon the road for an indefinite absence of weary months. Is there a difference between the position of the man and that of the woman? Ought she to be willing cheerfully to sacrifice her bigger chances in order that he may have parts worthy of him; and is it reasonable of him flatly to refuse at any time to place himself in a position secondary to hers? That is the problem that Mrs. Hale tries to answer in this new novel of hers; and while we cannot question the truth of the particular human story that she is here presenting, her solution so far as the general proposition goes is open to question. What the author here says is in substance: if a man and a woman who are both artists marry, the woman will find that her true happiness lies in putting aside her own work altogether and contenting herself with the reflected glory of his. She cannot hope, so Mrs. Hale argues, that her husband

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will ever be content to let her outshine him; she must at times deliberately sink to mediocrity—and it is less of a sacrifice, she thinks, to give up work altogether than to do any which is not the worthiest. As already said, this attitude rings quite true so far as the particular characters in this book are concerned. The heroine is a very real and convincing piece of work. From start to finish she is everywhere and all the time quite thoroughly alive; and we do not for a moment feel inclined to question that she would have done precisely what we are told that she did: that in the first place she would have broken with her husband, have gone off, full of resentment and hurt pride, in the company in which he had refused to play a subordinate part; and then months later, schooled by loneliness and heartache and a tragic misunderstanding, she should reach the point of such determination to retire from the stage, as to refuse without a pang to play the title rôle in a big and successful play which her husband has written expressly for her. It is a fine and effective story successfully carried to a rather big climax. But we must not take the underlying doctrine too seriously. There have been plenty of instances in all the various arts and professions where husband and wife have toiled side by side without jealousy, each doing the best they could according to their separate talents and each proud of the other's achievements. And this sort of partnership is a pleasant thing to see. Mrs. Hale, unconsciously perhaps, has shown clearly in her book that the true reason why this partnership was a failure was because of a lack of real bigness in the characters of her particular man and woman. And it is not fair to exalt to the dignity of a rule what is really a makeshift for faulty humanity.

"The Professor's Mystery"

The Professor's Mystery, by Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker, offers this peculiarity as regards its hero. It is quite frankly a mystery story in which practically every one concerned knows from the beginning almost all the essential points of the mystery—with the single exception of the hero himself, and of course the reader. We have a young man who in every respect seems to be a desirable person to have around; the sort of young man whom you or I would look upon with distinct favour if he formed the habit of calling frequently upon one of our daughters. But in this particular story the hero's suit is not looked upon with favour; more than that, when visiting at the home of the young woman he has come to care for, he is unceremoniously routed out of bed in the small hours of the morning and curtly told to gather his possessions together and promptly leave not merely the house but the town. The young man, being of a persistent nature as well as very much in earnest, chooses to disregard both this and subsequent efforts to separate him from the girl whom he loves and who, he has reason to believe, loves him. There is something absolutely baffling about the situation, something strange and abnormal in that household externally so matter of fact, so much like the thousand and one other average American households all around the neighbourhood. Not only is he convinced that a mystery exists but furthermore that the people in closest touch with it, the people who think that they understand it, are really very much at sea in some essential, vital detail. And this is the point in which he proposes to help them out in spite of them. And the curious thing about the book, the thing which differentiates it from its general class, is that he, the outsider, the amateur, the one man heavily handicapped by lack of any helping knowledge, actually does get his hand upon the combination of facts that unlocks the puzzle. The story as a whole gives one somewhat the impression that you get when watching a person futilely turning the knob of a big safe. Now if he were the owner of the safe you would expect it to open as a matter of course; if he were an expert burglar he might have more trouble, but his success would not be surprising. But here is a man who is a simple outsider, who does not even have a part of the combination, and yet partly through extreme dexterity of touch, partly through sheer luck, flings the various bolts into line and the door swings open. This is a fair statement, I think, of whatever hold of interest the book possesses; and that it does possess such a hold is undeniable. The one element which one feels inclined to quarrel with is that of an

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overcareful style. A high literary finish is of course an admirable thing, other matters being equal. But in a story written frankly for the sake of swift narrative interest, the reader does not want to stop for half a minute in order to admire neat turns of phrase or the pleasant rhythm of sound sequence. As a matter of fact, however, the number of pages in this book in which we feel that the action drags a bit while the authors are luxuriating in sheer good writing are not numerous enough to matter seriously one way or the other. But why, oh why, did they hit upon such a colourless, purposeless, uninspired title as *The Professor's Mystery?* It seems as though they might have reached blindfolded into the unabridged dictionary and grasped the first three words they came to with a better chance of getting a title that really meant something.

"When God Laughs"

When God Laughs, by Jack London, is a volume that does not average as well as some of his earlier collections of short stories; but there are at least two tales in it that refuse to be forgotten. One of these two is "Just Meat," a story of two burglars who have successfully carried out a diamond robbery on a gigantic scale. It happens that a member of a firm of wholesale jewelers has planned to defraud his partner and abscond with the bulk of the stock. To this purpose he has taken to his house secretly a fabulous quantity of gems of all kinds and sizes, intending during the night to escape with them on board a sailing vessel bound for South America. It happens that the burglars break into this house before he has started, capture the jewels and incidentally kill the man. Now the authorities assume that it is the man's partner who has committed the murder and taken the stones. The real burglars are for the time being safe. But as they sit in their room, gazing fascinated at this glittering cascade of wealth, sheer avarice drives them mad and simultaneously each conceives the idea of poisoning the other with strychnine. The story ends with remorseless grimness as the two men writhe in their death struggles in the midst of the useless wealth. The second story is another bit of sombre irony called "Chinago." It is just the story of a Chinaman, one of scores drudging the years away on a plantation on one of the big islands in the Indian Ocean. He does not mind the toil, because the strange mad foreigners who hire him pay wages for a day's work which it would take him a month to earn at home. He has a dream of amassing enough money to have some time a little garden spot of his own and a tranquil haven for his old age. But there happens to come a tragedy. There is a man murdered and some of the coolies, it does not matter which, must pay the penalty. Our Chinaman has had no share in the matter, but it happens that his name is very like that of one of the other Chinamen and that a certain official had been drinking rather deeply at the time he made out the death warrant. And that is the way it happened that this particular Chinaman's dream of a little garden spot was never realised.

"The White Peacock"

The White Peacock, by D. H. Lawrence, is a book rather puzzling to estimate. It is a story of rural England, its characters being farmers and sons of farmers, and its scenes all enacted in the midst of crops and harvests, woods and country lanes. Everywhere we come in close contact with the life of the open, free out-of-doors; everywhere we get the scent of the soil. The tragedy of a rabbit mangled by the steel teeth of a trap, a nest of field-mice dug up and crushed remorselessly, one by one; the sordid wretchedness of a hovel swarming with dirty, quarrelling, half-clad children, mismanaged by a slatternly, overworked drudge of a woman who occasionally relieves her feelings by hitting them over the head with a battered saucepan—such scenes as these are done with a relentless skill that makes them actually hurt as you read them. But the author had no special story to tell; the book cannot be said to arrive anywhere in particular and it leaves us with a resentful feeling that we have been very much depressed in spirit to no purpose at all.

Neighbors Unknown, by Charles G. D. Roberts, needs no further commendation than the statement that it contains a further instalment of that author's familiar and characteristic animal tales.

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They cover a wide range of subject and territory, from the tale of a pet cat, stranded, Crusoe-like, all winter long on a summer home island, to the desolation of an Arctic midnight and a polar bear's desperate struggle to sustain life. There is one interesting fact to note about Mr. Roberts's stories. Where they deal with animals and places within his own experience, he lavishes upon them a wealth of detail and colour; but the moment he passes beyond these limits he becomes quite wary of his facts.

"Neighbors Unknown"

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

H. J. Moors's "With Stevenson in Samoa"*

"Since Byron was in Greece," wrote Mr. Gosse to Robert Louis Stevenson, "nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas." One of his Samoan friends, Mr. H. J. Moors, whose name occurs occasionally in the Letters, has given some new incidents and impressions of that life in a little book, *With Stevenson in Samoa,* which is entertaining as a book about Stevenson could hardly fail to be. Mr. Moors throws no new light on the novelist's character—he does not try to make him out something different from the common notion, and therein he displays wisdom and earns gratitude. He does, however, correct the impression some may have gained that the Robert Louis Stevenson of Samoa was a man quite other than the brilliant, gay, reckless, frankly egotistical and altogether charming boy who left London. Perhaps a little too much has been made of those Vailima prayers, those valiant efforts to make as well as write South Sea history, those earnest letters to the *Times.* To the end Stevenson was half a boy, and wholly a bohemian—if the word may be forgiven.

With regard to certain matters of dress and deportment Mr. Moors is explicit. Stevenson had the "barefoot habit," he records, and put on shoes with reluctance for calls or visits of ceremonial. "He used generally to wear a little white yachting cap worth about twenty-five cents. As he was very thin and boyish in appearance, the cap suited him. I never saw him in a stiff shirt, or a stand-up collar in my life. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests, and generally looked about half-dressed. When Stevenson came to Apia he still looked only half dressed. He always came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash tied round the waist." He was a judge of fine cookery, and particularly fond of soups, Mr. Moors tells us (and these are the matters of real importance about a man). A native boy who learned to make admirable soups became a source of joy to him. "He was a great cigarette smoker, as all the world knows. The whole family—I except Stevenson's mother—worshiped at the shrine of 'My Lady Nicotine.' They used to consume an enormous amount of cigarettes. 'Three Castles' and 'Capstan' were the favourite brands. (Why do people want to know the favourite brands of a great man's whiskey and tobacco?)." Why, one may retort, should Mr. Moors apologise for telling what all the world wants to know? We may even be thrilled, in spite of patriotic twinges, to learn that Stevenson did not like American tobacco.

That he was a hard worker Mr. Moors bears witness. He worked at all times and places, sometimes rising at four o'clock when the mood was on him. As a farmer and landed proprietor he was not so notable a success. His biographer quotes a characteristic letter:

My Dear Moors: I hope to get down today, but the weather does not yet seem bordered up. We had a hell of a time yesterday;

*With Stevenson in Samoa. By H. J. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

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I wish the man who invented open eaves had been with us—I would have burned him to see to read by.

Yours ever,
R. L. S.

Everybody knows how sensitive he was to praise or blame.

On one occasion he came to me, flourishing a paper wildly in the air. "Moors," he exclaimed, "here is news for you, and the best of news for me!"

I thought he had suddenly inherited a fortune or that something of an extreme value had fallen in his way. "What in heaven's name is it?" I asked.

"This, my friend. For years a certain critic has practically damned my works—said there was nothing really in them—and now this person, whose ability I have always admired despite the fact that I have suffered, has declared: 'Stevenson has at last produced one of the best books of the season, and the claim of his friends seems fully justified, for this work is full of genius.'" His face was all aglow with feverish excitement.

"Who is this wonderful critic, Stevenson, whose praise you so enjoy? And what bitter things has he said of you before?"

"We will drop the severe things, Moors. You would never guess, if I gave you all the morning, who it is who has at last admitted me to be in the front rank of my profession. It is Mrs. Oliphant, my dear sir—Mrs. Oliphant!"

I think it was a review of *The Master of Ballantrae* that he referred to.

Of Stevenson's devotion to the natives and their love for him, particularly of his long fight against the self-constituted European dictators of the Island in behalf of King Mataafa, Mr. Moors writes with enthusiastic admiration. They were both deep in the politics of the island, and saw more than one adventure through together. In spite of his impetuosity, his reckless indignation at injustice, Stevenson, though he had been trained for the law, was in mortal dread of courts, and when, as happened more than once, he had incurred risk of a suit for libel, he was in terror until the danger was past. Luckily there were but two solicitors on the island, and once or twice the two friends warded off danger by the simple expedient of retaining both men of law. Once there was resort to a more subtle device. There was trouble afoot, a man who had served Stevenson was under arrest, and Stevenson believed that he was the real object of the prosecution.

"I know it's me they want to get at," he said somewhat hysterically as he entered Mr. Carruthers's office, "and I know they'll want to call me as a witness. My God, Carruthers, if they put me into the witness box I don't know what I'll be saying if I once start talking."

The solicitor pondered. Then, suddenly, an inspiration came to him. "I have it," he exclaimed. "I know what we'll do. First of all, I'll go up and retain Cooper, so that the other side can't get him, and then—why, man, we'll retain you."

Stevenson looked at him aghast.

Carruthers smiled. "You're a barrister, you know; and you are entitled to practise in our courts. If we retain you they will not then be able to call you as a witness."

"Bravo!" shouted Stevenson, heartily gripping the hand of this sharp-witted lawyer, who needless to say, would have adorned any diplomatic service.

"And there and then a brief was written out and handed across the table to the novelist, retaining him as advocate for the defence; only it was not the ordinary kind of brief by any means—it was very much more brief."

Burton Bancroft.

II

Rudolph Hans Bartsch's "Elisabeth Koett"*

This novel, by an Austrian writer unknown to American readers, is an attempt to study the character and to present the career of a great actress. Elisabeth is the daughter of a janitor in the city of Graz in Styria, and is playing small parts upon the provincial stage when she is discovered by three lovers and connoisseurs of the theatre, Wigram, the librarian and philosopher, Rasmus, the pagan student and tutor, and Baron Gundenau, the aged antiquary. The first helps her to develop her genius by

*Elisabeth Koett. By Rudolph Hans Bartsch. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

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his interpretation of the parts she essays, and the third creates her an opportunity by his influence. It is still a fourth, however, the young business man, Hiller, who gets her an engagement in Vienna, in return for which she becomes his mistress in accordance with a pact previously entered into by them. This step is not regarded from the conventionally moral point of view by the author; for that Elisabeth must have lovers is accepted as a foregone conclusion not only by him, but by her three platonic patrons as well. But the Baron has made her promise that she will take the gowns and other gifts she needs from no man she does not really love. She does not love Hiller, hence her spiritual deterioration through a determination to take a short cut to that fame and success which she craves. At Vienna lover succeeds lover, and her vanity as a woman replaces her pure inspiration as an artist, without, however, affecting the quality of her acting, though it leads her to prefer an inferior class of rôles which enhance her individual importance.

Her worldly success is complete. She is even able to marry Baron Zeibern and so to become one of those great ladies who watch her from the boxes while she imitates them on the stage. But the very ease of these material conquests deprives them of all value and significance. They turn to ashes in her mouth. She becomes one of the women whom Wigram, with anticipatory irony, describes to her in the opening chapters of the book, as "ravening ogres. They experiment with men, start each time with a subtle presentiment, and end in disgust and contempt. Two or three men scarcely suffice for a season. And then these women, who are so empty themselves, raise a great cry of reproach against those whose souls they have found equally void." These Heddas and Noras, he continues, are greater than their sisters "only in that greed for the spiritual man whom the very society in which they live has destroyed and lost. And hence it is that our rich women carry with them that expression of gentle suffering. It is this fact that makes their eyes half-expectant, half-disconsolate, that gives their hands that nervous grasp. They knead a dream. And you have seen their lovely, listening throats, bent forward ever, their quivering lips, and their cheeks which are no longer muscles, but nerves. Our times have produced men who conquer all things, attain all things, enjoy all things, are apt for all uses, but have lost the depth of the immortal secret of life. And thus a new woman has arisen—yourself, Elisabeth, are such an one—to whom no distance is too far upon her quest, who must seek, and seek and seek. The noblest of them find, in the end—their own true selves." So does Elisabeth find both her self and Wigram, too, whom she has long scorned while dwelling among the "ready made" folk of society—but not before she has compassed the death of a youthful poet no less spiritual, to whose worth the vulgarity of her acquired view blinds her. But when, in her regeneration, she throws off the shackles that bind her, and tours the Slavonic provinces in big motor cars with her company as the apostle of the German Race, she produces the play he wrote for her, and finds in it her greatest rôle.

It is a queer book, with many extravagances of thought and speech; but in spite of what will seem to all save Teutons the perverseness of its nihilistic creed of death as the one cleanser of the obscure and murky modern world, it offers what so few English and American novels have to offer, namely, some criticism of life. It is a serious book, and, in its picturesquely imaginative and emotional style of expression, often arresting if not actually beautiful. Moreover, it not merely interprets modern life, but seeks to interpret the literature of the past in its spirit. The pages in which *Macbeth* is subjected to this process are singularly searching and creative. One wonders if this was the spirit in which *Macbeth* was performed at St. Wandrille. It is certainly the one spirit in which any kinship between the romanticism of Shakespeare and the romanticism of Maeterlinck is revealed. "Whispering, breathing upon him, maddening him by the magic of her person—thus she fought for and with him. They embraced so often that in the intimate interchange of speech they seemed a

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single being with two souls. She implored, she flattered, she sang, almost, the suggestion of those horrors, and the ecstatic desire, the glowing hope softened the bloody awe of her words. She was more like a spoiled and wilful child who, in ignorant petulance, insists upon evil, than like a heartless criminal." So Elisabeth played Lady Macbeth, with simplicity of manner and complexity of mood, softening her and yet thereby rendering her the more terrible, in short making her a modern woman, a creature of soul and nerves, restored to savagery through civilisation.

Analysis of the other arts is not lacking, and the author in his contemptuous characterisation of the little dilettantes of Austrian poetry, painting, and sculpture, shows a nostalgic longing for the vigorous and manly makers of the Renaissance. He seems to dream of a renewed art wherein modern subtlety of spiritual expression may yet be combined with vigour of conception and execution on the grand scale. *Elisabeth Koett* is, perhaps, an attempt to realise this synthesis in fiction and in a female figure of heroic proportions who shall symbolise modern woman. She is an actress, because, as the author says, while it is the most physical and earthly of the arts, it is the only one in which a woman can attain to genius. But it is easier to emasculate a masterpiece of the past than to create a new one to embody the same perception of the truth, especially when the writer is a realist and seeks to employ as his material the *disjecta membra* of the life about him. From this point of view it is an artistic error to introduce constructive criticism into the pages of such a novel. The creative touch revives Lady Macbeth at the expense of Elisabeth, who seems pale and incomprehensible compared with her interpretation of that part. There is no adequate framework of action to afford a basis for the development of her character, and the capricious impulsiveness with which she acts, however truthfully it may paint the psychological portrait of the "new woman," reduces itself simply to insufficient motivisation when viewed from the artistic standpoint. Nothing really forces her to take a lover, nothing really obliges her to give up her husband, since vanity and disgust are not essentially fatal. Hence the story lacks any deep tragic seriousness or any true force of spiritual regeneration. It is, however, a brilliant bit of writing, and will help the reader to gain a broader view of modern life by revealing to him how general are many of those problems that are apt to be regarded as local and particular. Whatever differences in cultivation may exist between the two cities, Vienna and New York are the same in their fundamental social mechanism, as may be seen by the following comment on the theatrical situation in the former capital: "He (Hiller) observed that it was not the public taste of the great city that dragged down the repertory of its stage. It was the disgraceful competition of theatre with theatre that caused the exploitation of ever lower and lower instincts across the footlights, in order to drag the much-desired masses to the box office. And he also discovered that one could make the sparks of success fly upward easily enough if the fuel used was paper—money." Commercialism is the same corrupting curse in old Austria as in young America, and it may even afford some encouragement to learn that there are forces for evil at work in Austrian politics—forces that arise from complicated race hatreds fomented for purposes of selfish individual aggrandisement—from which ours fortunately must be forever free.

Cleveland Palmer.

III

Léon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman"*

Judging merely from the point of view of originality, Europeans have always considered two American writers as far above all others, Poe and Whitman. Baudelaire has made of the first a translation which is considered a masterpiece, and which has made of Poe almost a French classic. As to the second's *Leaves of Grass,* they have been occasionally

*Léon Bazalgette, Walt Whitman, L'homme et son œuvre. Paris: Mercure de France, 1908. XI, 510 pp. in 12mo.

The same. Walt Whitman, Feuilles d'Herbe, traduction intégrale d'après l'édition définitive. Two volumes. Paris: Mercure de France, 1909.

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praised in France, especially in 1889, by Sarrazin, who devoted to Whitman an enthusiastic essay in his *Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise;* but to-day another Frenchman, Bazalgette, has undertaken to do for Whitman what Baudelaire has done for Poe, viz., to make, so to speak, a place in the French pantheon for the "American bard." Is this undertaking to be successful? There are reasons for doubt. Whitman, except in a few great poems which can be read easily in a couple of hours, is far below Poe as an artist—at least he has not that sort of artistry which will appeal to the taste of French connoisseurs.

A more enthusiastic admirer of Whitman than Bazalgette you could not find in America. Whitman is the Homer and the Pindar of America. "Through him all at once a whole continent seems to come forward and sing its own youth, and does it through the poems of an individual who seems really cut out of some new human material. Democracy is celebrated in unheard of accents. In listening to this man you almost think that you hear some rhapsod, immense and crude, who had passed unseen from antiquity unto the soil of America, to express the aspirations, the marvellous revelations and the faith of modern Humanity. These frescoes, enormous and swarming, are like the vedic hymns of our age. They are vibrating with the emotion which accompanies the beginning of a new era . . ."; the first edition of his *Leaves of Grass* will perhaps, on account of their "formidable beauty," rest some day "under a glass case in the Hall of Honour of a large museum, not far from Shakespeare's first folio," etc., etc. Indeed, such an admiration would hardly be possible in America; it is only looking from a very great distance that defects and unevennesses remain entirely unseen, and that impression of greatness produced by perspective can appear so pure.

Bazalgette's book is a wonderful biography; it is impossible to read it without being deeply moved. He has made out of all the fragmentary and one-sided works at his disposal an imposing artistic work, harmonious in all its parts, well balanced, admirably written. And he is a sympathetic artist, too, who refuses to confuse science and literature, thinking that his Whitman shall not be so much the real Whitman, as the Whitman as humanity ought to see him; for humanity is not interested in abstract truth and in the meaner sides of great men; people must get their inspiration by the emphasising, on the part of the biographer, of the truly fine sides of the hero's character. How seldom this is understood to-day, we all know; everybody seems much more anxious to show that he knows the bad things and is not fooled, than to show that he knows what is admirable, and that, in case of necessity, he will understand a man's shortcomings. Yes, this biography ought to become classic. This is the opinion of the press all over Europe. "A masterly and definitive biography that has a double value of erudition and of art," says a leading Italian critic; "truly there is no book on Whitman which contains so much Whitmanism," says an Englishman; "beautiful as the gospel of a pagan Messiah," says a Frenchman.

In his treatment of Whitman the poet, Bazalgette has perhaps not been so successful as in his treatment of the man. He was here, one might say, too sympathetic; he was too determined to find everything great and sublime. Without becoming an adverse critic, he could have left out certain phrases and praises; for, whoever knows both literature in general and Whitman in particular will know, on the one hand, that such commonplace and bombastic words like "oceanic," "Adamic," "cosmic," etc., are dangerous to use, and, on the other hand, that really Whitman shares the honour of the "cosmic conscience" with a great many other poets worth reading. I should be inclined to think that Bazalgette has allowed himself to be deceived by Whitman's language and poetical style, and see entirely new thoughts where only unfamiliar images were to be found.

Bazalgette has added to his work on Whitman a complete translation of *Leaves of Grass* in two volumes. Little needs be said about it here. For linguists a comparison of the French and English texts would be highly interesting, but most Americans, of course, will never care to read anything but the original

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poems. Let me say, therefore, only that although the work is done at places extremely well, it remains a translation everywhere. *Tradutore, traditore,* as the Italians say. When Bazalgette remains close to the English thought, the rhythm is extremely hard to keep in French; and when, as he does sometimes, he finds particularly lucky rhythmical rendering in French, one must make up one's mind that it will be a free translation. To tell the truth, in our days of cosmopolitanism, such translations are perhaps no longer imperative. A person who cannot read English enough to understand Whitman cannot be a really cultured person.

A. Schinz.

IV

Helen R. Martin's "When Half-Gods Go"*

Mrs. Martin is best known to the reading public as the discoverer, for literary purposes, of the so-called Pennsylvania "Dutch," and no one needs to be reminded to-day of the truth and humour with which, in a series of novels and stories, she has recorded her close and penetrating observation of the traits, both superficial and spiritual, of that peculiar people. In this present book she has left her familiar field, though she has by no means abandoned the theme that has always been her principal preoccupation when, under cover of her concern with "local colour," she studied the dialect, the moral conceptions, and the social usages of the various Lutheran sects. This theme is the sexual relation, the mutual attitude of man and woman in courtship and marriage. It is this that has given a certain seriousness to even her slightest humorous sketches, and has made one read them for more than their power to amuse. Mediæval and theocratic as is the Mennonite conception of man's domination over woman, there is still enough of this conception even outside of those isolated and belated communities, to give her grotesque and often cruel little pictures a wider significance than was perhaps ever intended, and a place in the modern literature that has stirred feministic unrest throughout the world through the revelation of universal sex inequality.

Here, in *When Half-Gods Go,* she has cast aside all the usual aids to her imagination, all her appeal to those who read her books merely for the amusement to be derived from them, and, approaching her theme more directly, has handled it in a more general manner. Nothing of the "Dutch" element is to be found in this singularly sincere and tragic little tale, told in the form of letters, unless some trace of its moral spirit be thought to linger in the almost superhuman submissiveness, under fantastic slight and insult, of Edith. The bride of Robert Newbold, a young musician, she speedily learns the kind of clay of which her weak and foolish husband's feet are constructed. She finds him vain, selfish, and delinquent in all his common duties and she is made to endure the humiliation, during a critical period in her life, of a "Platonic" passion on his part for another woman quite as young and foolish, though not quite so shallow and base, as he. This is "when the half-gods go." The real god arrives slowly but surely, and the whole development of the psychological plot is managed with great intensity and feeling of suspense. In the main, the characterisation, from which the action logically proceeds, is sound and certain. Only in the figure of Dorothea, the interloping "affinity," who lives among abstractions, is there an air of unreality. For the rest, the little group of actors live with an impressive and passionate vitality which not even the rather awkward convention of the letter form can kill or diminish. It may seem an exaggeration to say so, though it is not, and the reader may test the truth of the assertion for himself, but there is in Mrs. Martin's little story something of the imaginative vigour and tragic truth of certain of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, Heywood, for example, who found in domestic relations many of their most powerful and haunting conceptions.

W. A. Bradley.

*When Half-Gods Go. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. New York: The Century Company.

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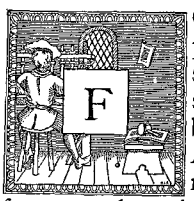
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

X—The-Girl-Alone-in-the-City Novels

Editor's Note—*The following article has been compiled by George Jean Nathan from a series of interviews with individuals who, at some previous time in their career, were forced into the position indicated in the title, as well as from numerous conversations with members of the New York Police Department and the charitable societies, organisations pertinently relevant in a consideration of the present question.*



OLLOWING the comparatively recent "white-slave" disclosures, the show windows of the bookshops throughout America became voluminously immoral—or, from another viewpoint, over-moral—for the first time since, several years before, the scarlet-crested Elinor Glyn wave deluged our otherwise peaceful literary land. The question of morals here concerned must be dismissed as not vital to the present chronicle. The sole prefatory fact that interests is the wholesale advent of hysterical tales the theme of which rested on the fearful temptations that awaited the young woman who should come alone and without vast funds to the big city. The big city of the tale is invariably the city of New York. Beyond the city limits of Manhattan the great reading public has undoubtedly accepted as faithful the facts presented in novels of this species, the fact that temptation *does* stalk like a spectre up and down Broadway; the fact that "woe is me" is the heart sob of every penniless young woman who, for one reason or another, finds herself alone in the metropolis; the fact that the novelists have chosen common, every-night cases rather than the one case in a thousand, in ten thousand, for their heroine—or central character, if you are squeamish and prefer the phrase. With short stories the theme has been similarly favourite. What, then, is the dispassionate "inside view" of this much-employed theme? What, then, is the actual position of our women characters of fiction, who come as financially pressed strangers to New York and who, thus coming, are speedily either lured to ruin or at least given an invitation to the presumably ceaseless metropolitan cotillion of Avernus?

The so-termed "white-slave" question has been threshed out sufficiently ere now. From the magazine literature on the subject, the findings—or lack of them—by the grand jury, and the novels of the class represented by Reginald Wright Kauffman's *House of Bondage*, one may learn as much as one's mind is inclined to permit him to learn. Messrs. George Kibbe Turner and Theodore Bingham have written that many finance-less female strangers in the port of New York *have* succumbed to invitations of the form mentioned above; the Rockefeller jury has shaken its head affirmatively and shouted "No"; and the "white-slave" novelists have used red ink melodramatically and freely. Several active members of the police department have suggested that the phrase "white slave" is nothing more than Bowery for "purple slave." To the sophisticated, a "purple slave" is known to be an exceptionally free young woman who wears Wall Street diamonds in place of Grand Street garnets. There is a distinct colour line between the "white slave" and the "purple slave." The line is called Fourteenth Street. In other words, the police seem to believe that it is not as much a case of "slavery" as of personal inclination. And being inclination, they cannot believe that the city as a city is to be charged with the moral descent of either the "white slave," a stranger in its gates, or the "purple slave," an old inhabitant. Mind you, our consideration is only of the strange young woman who finds herself alone in New York and of the direct effect of New York—the city—upon that strange young woman.

The sentimental character of fiction

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who finds herself in this state of affairs usually "fights against cold, hunger and solitude until she can endure it no longer. The "no longer" is generally about page 115, and the period after the words usually takes on the form of what Henry Arthur Jones has called a "plausible scoundrel," what a Rupert Hughes heroine calls "the grim reminder of a certain aspect of New York life," what O. Henry termed "a vulture," or what less penetrating writers are pleased to call "a man about town." New York, interpreted through the terms of its fiction, may be said to resemble nothing else quite so closely as the street corners of Hades on club night. To analyse a bit: If a young woman, a pretty young woman (for all young women of fiction who find themselves alone in New York *are* pretty, though usually "in a vague sort of way"), knows no one and has no money to buy food, all she has to do is to go to the nearest police station. The sergeant will put her in touch with the places where she can get food, with the charity societies which will find honest work for her, and, if the case is particularly demanding and urgent, he will turn the applicant over to one of the police matrons. The lady of fiction, being pretty, may be assured of courteous and still officially impersonal attention. If the young woman is simply cold, that is her own fault. No need to remain in the streets. All she has to do is to ring the nearest doorbell. If the first is inhospitable, as some doorbells not only in New York but all over America are, let her try the second. She will soon find one respectable door that will open to her and permit her to warm herself—probably in the kitchen, but warmth remains warmth for a' that. The curious thing about this point is that no persons but New Yorkers believe that such a state of affairs could, can or does exist in New York. As a matter of fact, statistics show that it has been tried time and again by women actually alone and cold and hungry, and warmth and food have never been denied them. The trouble with the lady of the novel is that she usually waits until midnight, when most respectable New Yorkers have gone to bed, before deciding that she needs aid. The second trouble with her is that, instead of ringing the doorbell, she usually chooses to permit a stray man to take her in. The lady of the novel is often "too proud" to beg, but not too proud to become friendly with a man she has never seen before. (Here again, the police assure us, the rascal who approaches the young woman is usually a visiting drummer from Rochester or Syracuse.)

The writer has interviewed two young women who once actually came to New York without sufficient funds and friendless. Their narratives are very nearly one and the same. A brief transcript of one will suffice. "One night I found myself alone on Twenty-third Street without a cent in my pocket and without a friend to whom to appeal for help. I was accosted by a man who said to me: 'You'll have to move on; we don't allow women walking around the streets at night.' I knew him for a so-called plain-clothes man, and although to be sure my sensitive feelings were hurt at his shocking bluntness and the grim suggestiveness contained therein, I couldn't help realising even in my plight that in this way New York silently and indirectly protected good women who found themselves in such a position as I happened to be in. I 'moved on,' but aimlessly. I didn't know anything about the police stations or charity organisations and I hadn't even the sense to ask about them from a passerby or look up addresses in a pay-station telephone book. It wouldn't have cost anything to use the telephone book, at least. (In listening to this story of mine, you are probably curious to know how a woman like myself happened to be placed in this predicament. It is a long story, however, and I shall not tell you. Anyway, it is not vital to the issue.) It soon came 'round to half past ten, and I found myself standing in front of the Casino Theatre on Broadway. I realised time was getting on and I couldn't afford to waste many more minutes if I wanted a bed, instead of the pavement, that night. There was only one thing for me to do and that one thing was to beg for money. Looking backward, I see now how silly and utterly foolish I was. I might have asked a policeman for advice, but, like most other women, I believed policemen were

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simply put on earth to make arrests and nothing more. Presently a young man came out of the theatre with a pretty girl on his arm. My wit came to my rescue. I appreciated that it would be perfectly safe—as far as any possible danger to my own morals was concerned—to approach for aid a man in the company of a woman. I went up to the couple, quickly told them my story and found a dollar bill in my hand. I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew I was taken care of for that night and the next morning's breakfast, anyway. I went into the nearest hotel—far too expensive a resting place for me, I appreciated—and asked the clerk where my meagre funds would take me for the night. He sympathised with me and gave me a note to a decent little hotel over in one of the side streets, where I subsequently got a room with breakfast thrown in for the dollar. That left me without money again, but I told my case to the man at the hotel after paying my bill and he allowed me a five-cent rebate. Five cents! Not much, but something. I kept up my courage, swallowed my pride and went out again into the streets. I waited until a woman came along who looked to be 'right.' That word holds its curious meaning in every woman's vocabulary. I asked her politely where a young woman like myself—alone and friendless and without money—could get work, or help, at least. She referred me to an employment bureau, whither I hurried as fast as I could. You may learn this from me from the light of experience: It is not difficult for any person who can speak the English language with fair grace, who has manners, and whose ideals are capable of wearing calico temporarily, to get some sort of position. I did. I was engaged as a second maid that afternoon in a household on the upper West Side. I was to get six dollars a week and board and room. I took the work until I could get back on my feet, and now, as you know, one year and three months later, I am earning twenty-five dollars a week as an assistant wardrobe mistress for a theatrical firm. It is not so terrible, this being penniless and alone in New York, if you keep up your nerve, forget that the First Families of Virginia are the only persons in America—and fight! The trouble with the women who fail and go to their ruin is that they are moral weaklings anyway and would probably fall into the abyss if they came to New York with a thousand dollars in their pocketbooks."

No comment is needed on this story. It reveals at least one phase of the question. But, think as one may, its note of sincerity remains dominant. O. Henry, who more vividly than any other penman pictured the plight of the poor, lonely girl in the city, worked with types rather than with general conditions. He treated of the *one* girl rather than with *all* girls. He disclosed a cabinet photograph of the case and not a panorama. He was careful—and successful. Leonard Merrick has written of the girl, cold and destitute, alone in a great city. Like other fiction writers, however, he has chosen to make the girl regard all men as semi-angels and perfectly willing to help women in distress without thought of reward. The same girl, under different circumstances, in the lap of wealth and luxury, might come a cropper just as quickly. Like her sisters in brocade, the tattered, lonely lady within the city's gates must remember with Souvestre that "Man is an eternal mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies but the outside." In New York or in Little Falls, men are a gamble, not only to the girls of our stories, but to the girls out of fiction as well. Why take chances without due forethought and care? Why cast aside the much-vaunted feminine "intuition"? In the words of a woman connected with one of the greatest charity societies in Manhattan: "The girls who come to New York and find themselves alone and without money or friends usually act like fools. Let them keep their heads for three consecutive hours and all will go well with them. There is no excuse for this much-talked-of going wrong on the part of these presumably helpless creatures. Analyse their cases, and you will discover that, if they have surrendered to the red and gold flag, it has been less a case of cold and hunger than a case of a weak spine and laziness."

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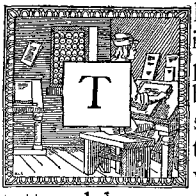
WILLIAM JAMES AS MAN OF LETTERS

BY JOHN MACY



HE title chosen here is intended to imply a promise that there shall be no discussion of philosophic problems, but not to promise anything so vain as the waving of the tattered banner of "style" over a multitudinously gifted man. So far as a maker of books identifies himself with a limited subject, he must be judged by the standards special to that subject; and James was a philosopher; he wrote little outside metaphysics and psychology; not to discuss him as philosopher is, it would seem, not to discuss him at all. But when a writer by virtue of his personality stands forth from the technicalities of his subject and captures imaginations that are not wont to dwell in the field where he labours, he becomes a man of letters. And the man of letters survives after the philosopher has been tucked away in museums, universities and other preservative institutions.

It is sometimes the case that the lesser philosopher is the greater man of letters, or that the untechnical aspects or portions of a philosopher's work most broadly secure his immortality. Schopenhauer compels admiration from florid optimists and from idle readers of literature who care nothing for his fundamental theories. Kant, assumed to be a greater philosopher, exhausted every resource of human thought and the German language to discourage people from reading him. It is certainly not Plato's metaphysics, but the portrait of Socrates, the poetic fanciful talk of the master and the young men, which outlive the centuries. If the absolute should open its thin lips and declare all James's philosophy null and void, James would march prospering just the same, overriding with his cavalry charges of living illustration all the inhibitions of philosophy or any creature thereof. "It is high time," he says, "to urge the use of a little imagination in philosophy." He used not little but much. He has the vision, the fertility, the abundance of analogy which he ascribes to Fechner and which he says professorial philosophers usually lack. Systems die, but vision is imperishable. Poets speak with still living voices long after their private beliefs and religions have become dead issues. "Pragmatism" may become a dead issue. But the great expounder of it has embedded its principles in vital matter, less ephemeral, less transitory than the stuff of most books of philosophy. Every theory, every article of faith which James declared, grew out of the soil of life and was fostered by the most opulent and incandescent imagination among Americans of the generation that is now at three score years. There is only one other of James's stature and originality—Mark Twain.

In all departments of life which he touched James was a liberator, a champion of human rights and the privileges of the spirit, a redeemer of his age from stupidity and commonplaceness and intellectual tyranny. With Mark Twain he reclaimed the arid desert which American literature had been since the passing of their fathers' generation. He redeemed philosophy from rigid and jejune abstraction, made it alive for living people, and tried to make living people interesting to philosophy. He was one of a small band who redeemed the "humanistic" departments of Harvard University from the sterility and ineptitude into which they had fallen during the past twenty-five years. The teacher, the philosopher, the man of letters—does he seem to shine the more brilliantly in all three capacities because he had so little competition in his immediate environment?—because great teachers do not live in University communities, because philosophers do not live in the midst of life, and men of letters contemporary with James almost unanimously refused to get born in these United States?

He was a great teacher in a university where (a dozen years ago, surely) great teachers were few. In the non-

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scientific departments there was Norton, a survival from a generation whose originality could not be denatured by doses of officialism; there was also one teacher of literature whose merited popularity with his students vainly clamoured in administrative ears for official recognition; and there was the department of philosophy. These were the only men who produced literature, who could do that which they presumed to teach. In his *Talks to Teachers* James says with ironic naïveté that all we need to do is to impregnate our organised education with geniuses. In his sketch of Thomas Davidson, who might have added lustre to Harvard had the authorities willed to receive him into the faculty, James protests against the disposition of university officials to reject men of ability in favour of routine professors. The sections of the Harvard faculty which deal with art and letters, those departments which should have a great civilising influence, which should inspire young men with poetry and beauty and feed their imaginations, have all been benighted in routine, save only the department of philosophy, Santayana, Palmer, Royce, James. It alone is impregnated with genius. Its members write significant books. And without knowing the mysterious details of administration, one may guess that the department of philosophy shines amid the surrounding respectable inefficiencies, in some measure because James had a voice in the making of it, and he believed in men. To a small group of men, and to James especially, is due the spiritual salvation of Harvard (or as much of Harvard as the faculty constitutes) during an administration which was hostile to much that is important in education, an administration the more discouraging because so servilely praised. A true disciple of James should hasten to add that Harvard has not been guilty of any unique local shortcoming, for our master tells us that "most human institutions, by the purely technical and professional manner in which they come to be administered, end by becoming obstacles to the very purposes which their founders had in view."

James's *Talks to Teachers* is one of the few manuals of advice to whose precepts the counsellor has lived up. He treated his pupils as human beings. He assumed them to be intelligent gentlemen, and by this assumption—it is one of the principles of his psychology—he helped them to be so. Their views and interests were to him not juvenile inferiorities to which gowned wisdom graciously condescended; they were equal, democratic human stuff, valuable to the man who sat on the other side of the desk, for he was a real philosopher of the race of Socrates. "In a subject like philosophy," he says, "it is really fatal to lose connection with the open air of human nature, and to think in terms of shop tradition only." He talked to his classes as man to man, urbane, gracious, witty, and withal vastly learned. He unrolled his wisdom without pretension, and without the wrong kind of reservation; to use his own words, he forgot scruples, took the brake off his heart, and let his tongue wag.

The writer remembers one little accident that resulted from his off-hand liberal way of talking philosophy. The subject was a volume of metaphysical theology, a wise but rather dull book, in which the author had mingled together his traditional deity, a good Protestant god with a benevolent beard, and an abstraction as shapeless as a cloud and less substantial, consisting of the Babu words of philosophy. In the thicket of words some of us dutifully resigned ourselves to getting lost and staying lost throughout the course. But after a lecture or two of preliminaries the thicket became alive, vistas opened, not toward the Absolute to which the book was driving, but to all manner of lighted clearings and glades of intelligence. The discourses were unmethodical, colloquial, yet the method of a mind that had already thought out most of the things discussed in the book soon became evident. The papery attributes of the figment in the text-book were peeled off one after another and thrown into the waste basket. One day, with his curious mixture of nonchalance and alertness, James was reducing a word to its meanings, trying to find the heart of it by pulling away some of its connotations. There was no heart in it. One student, who had not quite followed the game and

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still mistook the faceless abstraction for the god of his fathers, grew aghast at the process of verbal denudation and cried out, "But I do not see how that takes away my God."

Professor James paused for a puzzled moment and then replied, "It doesn't. Your God stands on his own hind legs." Then he pursued the idea, found often in his books, that the metaphysical Absolute is like an anatomist's mannikin. It can be taken apart and put together; it may be a useful diagram of a living being, but it is itself dead.

Since he permitted himself such homely metaphors (indeed, he took pleasure in a slang trope, politely apologising for its vulgarity), one may say that his philosophy stands on its own hind legs. And he left standing room for other men's convictions. He respected what stands alone and was suspicious of artificial props. Exuberant foe of all ghostly abstractions and of reasons that smack of intellectual hypocrisy, he deferred humbly to the faiths and feelings of men. He was a learner at the feet of life and in that attitude he kept his students. But to represent him so (the words are at fault) savours of a kind of pious solemnity quite foreign to his spirit of animated discursive inquiry. Most often he took his students on holiday explorations, and in the midst of an intellectual picnic he turned poet and prophet and spoke with an eloquence that no uninspired man can counterfeit.

When his discourses take shape in print they retain their *viva voce* informality and gain heightened power from compression and rearrangement. His *Psychology,* however solid a text-book it may be, is really a series of literary essays. If the chapter on Habit were bound in a volume of Stevenson or Emerson, it might surprise us there, but it would not be inharmonious with its surroundings. Other philosophers talk of previous philosophers and of such ancient literature as has become traditional. James refers abundantly to modern poets and essayists, Whitman, Richard Jefferies, Edward Carpenter, Swinburne, Tennyson, Tolstoy, James Thomson, Thackeray, Chesterton and H. G. Wells. Some psychologists throw life into rigid cold shadows cast by an artificial light; James views the world in the sunlight of nature which overflows and streams beyond the shadow-casting facts.

His *Varieties of Religious Experience* is an anthology of poetry and biography. No man can emerge from it with intolerance for anything but intolerance and insincerity. In *Pragmatism* and *The Meaning of Truth* and *A Pluralistic Universe,* where he is fighting an exhilarating and dexterous battle, James is dignified and dead in earnest, yet capable of hearty Meredithian laughter. "My failure," he says, "in making converts to my conception of truth seems . . . almost complete. An ordinary philosopher would feel disheartened, and a common choleric sinner would curse God and die!" Whether one is converted to his conception or not, it is impossible not to be converted to the man. "What we enjoy most in a Huxley or a Clifford," he says, "is not the professor with his learning, but the human personality ready to go in for what it feels to be right in spite of all appearances."

Much of James's work is a war of words, that is, a war of life against words. For this task no man was ever better fitted. They who would "nip" Pragmatism "in the bud" (an operation which one critic regards as the present duty of philosophy) must choose sharp weapons lest the assaulting edges be nicked on the steel they encounter. James outstrips all his rivals in his power over language, language professional and colloquial, diurnal and traditional. If there be reason in the old idea that clarity of statement is proof of truth, he is unassailably true. He has defined himself in his account of Bergson. "If anything can make hard things easy to follow it is a style like Bergson's. A 'straightforward' style, an American reviewer lately called it; failing to see that such straightforwardness means a flexibility of verbal resource that follows the thought without a crease or wrinkle, as elastic underclothing follows the movements of one's body. The lucidity of Bergson's way of putting things . . . seduces you and bribes you in advance to become his disciple. It is a miracle, and he is a real magician." James is straightforward,

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rapid, luminous; moreover, he has a humour rare in philosophers, a whimsical, wayward style of sliding round venerable monuments of superstition, a variety and adaptability not only to his argumentative purpose, but to the moods of human beings. The expositor writes at his subject; the man of letters writes at living persons. James strikes like a poet at the middle of your nature and discovers, what only the man of sympathy can give you courage to feel, that the avenues of approach to your centre of intelligence are populous with ideas. No doubt his eloquence is a consolation to his opponents, who will take refuge in the inhuman notion that true wisdom is dull and that beauty is meretricious. But James has himself swept away the classroom fallacy that stupidity of expression is a warrant of philosophic profundity. His chapter on Hegel in *A Pluralistic Universe* is a declaration of independence, one article of which relates to the question of style. "There seems something grotesque and *saugrenu* in the pretension of a style so disobedient to the first rules of sound communication between minds to be the authentic mother-tongue of reason." James is a master of words, and his mastery has fitted him to clear away some towering structures that forbade a free passage to the open country. He has pierced many frowning champions and found them, like the formidable knight of Arthurian legend, to hold but a weak boy inside the shining accoutrement. He knew the core and fringes of terms and was not to be deceived by the fallacies involved in them. He delighted to shake a philosophic word and make it give up its meaning or give up the ghost. Too many words, he thought, gave up nothing but ghosts. He liked to strip a phrase of its ancestral respectability, to wipe off its satellitious splendours, send it into a fight with life, and see it come back bruised and faint. He enjoyed pulling a formulated solemnity from its precarious one-sided attachment to a metaphysical edifice and then scrutinising the fragments. But he is destructive only in the interests of clarity and honesty. The superficial mistook his dexterity and lightness of heart for frivolity. His ready metaphor about the "cash value" of an idea has even been so far debased by a foreign critic as to be used in proof of the commercialism of America! As he cries, "Oh, for the rarity of ordinary secular intelligence!" James destroyed sanctified verbalisms because he distrusted the impositions of mere words. His main interest was not words, but life. To the ordinary inquisitive mind philosophy is a region of spectres and vapours; it is not full of substantial things. James strides out of the misty bog to the shining uplands of human life. He knew the world. He was a man of sound information, a biologist, a reader of contemporary writings and contemporary events. When he spoke of political and moral problems it was not from an academic twilight, but from the highway where he walked with other men.

In our time we are losing respect for ordinate authority. We expect the philosopher to make good. And James called upon himself and his colleagues to give an account of themselves not only as professors, but as men. "Humbug is humbug," he says, "even though it bear the scientific name." That confession is one that the common citizen has been demanding for a long time. We are suspicious of what James calls "the common herd of philosophic scribes." It was time we had a professor whose pages glow with sincerity; it was high time, especially in New England universities, that the grand llamas of learning should be made to realise that they live in our world, that they cannot withdraw to the lofty remoteness of Thibet, however much they may prefer the climate. We are beginning to count the cost of the inefficient church and the inefficient university. We are trying to clear our shoddy and cotton skirts (which inefficient statesmanship sells to us at all-wool prices) from the briars of bewilderment; we are striving to find a way out to things that matter, to make our lives and schools and governments better. In this struggle James was a liberator. He justified his academic tribe. As he jokingly says, he tried to earn his salary as a full professor. He was impatient with the nonsense of his class because he had sympathy for other classes. He did not try to allay, but vigorously stirred the fer-

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ment of sham-hatred which is boiling over the walls of institutionalism in all parts of the world.

Mark Twain has been twice mentioned in this article, partly for the pleasure of imagining the shock which the association of the two men might give to critical souls, but chiefly because the association is just. They are the two splendid figures in the pitifully small number of American humanists of their generation. They both had heart and humour and eloquence and humanity.*

*It may not be indiscreet to give in a footnote an example of James's wholesouled manner of recognising contemporary idealisms, of his readiness to throw scholarly apparatus overboard and go straight to essential truth. There has been much psychological, and much pseudo-psychological, discussion of Miss Helen Keller. Professor James wrote to her in praise of one of her books. After some lively compliments about her "psychology" and her literary gifts, he said: "The sum of it is that you're a blessing, and I'll kill any one that says you're not!" Lest the reader far from Boston may take this for granted and say, "Of course. She was at Radcliffe, he was a Harvard professor, and Harvard professors must necessarily have been enthusiastic about this wonderful student," I may add that in this James seems to be as much an exception to the temper in official Cambridge as he was an exception to many other significant things.

It is usual to speak of Mark Twain as a "philosopher" in the popular sense of the word. Professional philosophers ignore that sense. But James did not ignore it; he valued it and bade his colleagues relate their philosophies to popular meanings, to the experiences of common humanity. Our universities cannot be wholly useless when a college professor, a lecturer upon abstruse problems, can write as James wrote in 1899 in the preface of his *Talks to Teachers:*

The practical consequence of such a philosophy (the belief that the facts and worth of life need many cognisers to take them in) is the well-known democratic respect for the sacredness of individuality—is, at any rate, the outward tolerance of whatever is not itself intolerant. These phrases are so familiar that they sound now rather dead in our ears. Once they had a passionate inner meaning. Such a passionate inner meaning they may easily acquire again if the pretension of our nation to inflict its own inner ideals and institutions *vi et armis* upon Orientals should meet with a resistance as obdurate as so far it has been gallant and spirited. Religiously and philosophically, our national doctrine of live and let live may prove to have a far deeper meaning than our people now seem to imagine it to possess.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Essays on Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Meredith make up this volume, whose author emulates Mr. Huneker in a parade of erudition that swamps the expression of his own opinions with a superabundant citation of authorities. Shallow in its critical content, the volume is slovenly and contorted in style. French and Latin phrases that scarcely ever exceed the range of schoolboy commonplaces are carefully italicised and give an air of pompous pretentiousness to statements of the obvious. Despite—perhaps because of—a certain clever assimilation of contemporary intellectual and artistic currents, the book as a whole expresses the worst tendencies of American literary criticism in its attempt to create a showy structure without an adequate basis of sound scholarship and mature reflection. That M. Maeterlinck should have found the essay on himself the best that has yet been written is inconceivable in view of the admirable articles by André Beaunier and others that exist. Such a judgment could only have been the result of excessive courtesy or amiable aberration—unless, indeed, his familiarity with English, great as it is, is still not sufficient to let him detect the element of vagueness in the generalisations concerning his own work.

ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This book forms a useful compendium of a great—possibly the greatest—school of modern fiction. Its value as a general survey is scarcely lessened by the fact that Professor Phelps does somewhat less than justice to two of the writers of whom he treats—Dostoevski and Chekhov, to follow the rather unfamiliar spelling which he adopts. Praise of the former, especially when it is expressed at the expense of his favourite, Turgenev, seems to irritate him, and his own laudation is not free from an element of qualification and patronage. This does not mean that he does not try to be fair and does not accord high recognition to the author of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov.*" But there seems to be somewhat imperfectly established in his mind the primary principle of really creative criticism, that a writer is to be judged exclusively by his highest achievements in the comparative estimate of his genius with that of other writers. By this standard Dostoevski, in spite of his uneven performance, is incomparably greater than Turgenev for all the latter's greater objectivity and his remarkable level of artistic excellence. Professor Phelps quotes some rather disparaging remarks of Kropotkin's on the subject. But Kropotkin is not primarily a literary critic, and it must be remembered that, in the essays which constitute his *History of Russian Literature,* he was addressing a foreign audience, and that this fact would naturally tend to make him tone down to the tastes and comprehension of his hearers the more characteristically exotic acerbities of the Slavonic genius. Professor Phelps himself admits that Russians generally regard Dostoevski as their greatest novelist, and for any one who can seize and savour the whole gamut of his expression from its Tartar savagery to its psychological subtleties and zest for abstract speculation, he must seem Shakespearian in his inclusive representation of an age and of a race.

DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Paget Toynbee. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This useful little handbook, which was originally published in 1900, now appears in a fourth edition considerably revised and augmented. Brief analyses of Dante's works have been supplied, together with information as to MSS. and critical editions, and bibliographical data of special interest to the English reader, concerning the *Divina Commedia.* Four Appendices have also been added, as follows: "A." Genealogical Table of the Family of Dante; "B." Letter of Frate Ilario to Uguccione della Faggiuola; "C." Extracts from letters from Seymour Kirkup to Gabrielle Rossetti concerning the discovery of the Giotto portrait of Dante in the Bargello, and Kirkup's drawing from it; and "D." Chronological list of early (cent. xiv-xvi) commentaries on the *Divina Commedia,* with titles of printed editions. The sixteen illustrations include one hitherto unpublished of a fine bronze bust of Dante (supposed to be the work of a French artist at the beginning of the seventeenth century), and numerous views of Florence at the present day.

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LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF HONOUR. By John Donne. The Text Edited, with Notes, by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr. Portrait. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company. 1910.

A dozen years ago Mr. Edmund Gosse published *The Life and Letters of John Donne.* But it has remained for an American poet and man of letters, Mr. C. E. Merrill, Jr., to present a definitive text of the letters themselves, reprinted now for the first time in their original form. Lovers of Donne—and they would seem to be numerous even in this country, for it was said that when his poems were published in the cheap reprint of "The Muses' Library" there was an unprecedented demand for the volume (had the element of the *scabreux* in certain of the elegies and epithalamia anything to do with this, we wonder?)—will be delighted to have the poet's letters in this handsomely printed volume. The very first, "To the worthiest Lady Mrs. Bridget White," gives a taste of that peculiar imaginative extravagance which permeates the poems with their strangely haunting atmosphere: "Madame, I could make some guesse whether souls that go to heaven retain any memory of us that stay behinde if I knew whether you ever thought of us, since you enjoyed your heaven, which is your self, at home. Your going away hath made *London* a dead carkasse. A Tearm and a Court do a little spice and embalme it, and keep it from putrefaction, but the soul went away in you: and I think the onely reason why the plague is somewhat slackened is because the place is dead already, and no body left worth the killing. Whereso-ever you are, there is *London* enough: and it is a diminishing of you to say so, since you are more than the rest of the world. When you have a desire to work a miracle, you will return hither, and raise the place from the dead, and the dead that are in it: of which I am one, but that a hope that I have a room in your favour keeps me alive," etc. Who but Donne could thus with playful grimness invoke the spirit of the lazar-house in a letter to a lady as a means of turning a far-fetched and courtly compliment?

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. Vol. IX. (Cambridge English Classics.) The Text Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press. 1910.

With the publication of this volume the work of the editor nears its end. One more issue will complete this excellent edition of the complete works of Shakespeare's most famous contemporaries and rivals. The plays presented are not limited to those written in collaboration by the two, but include those composed separately or by either in collaboration with a third hand. Thus, in this volume appears *Cupid's Revenge,* by John Fletcher alone (according to the title-page of the first—1615—quarto), and also *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* which is credited on the title-page of the early editions to John Fletcher and William Shakespeare, among whose apocryphal baggage it is generally placed. The other plays in the present volume are *The Sea Voyage, Wit at Several Weapons* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn.* Those for whom Shakespeare has completely overshadowed his age will do well to bear in mind what Maeterlinck has said of his discovery of the minor Elizabethan dramatic poets: "I found that these authors, contemporaries of the great Will, his rivals and competitors, were enchanters. I was amazed at this incredible flowering, of an unheard-of freshness; it seemed to me that I had entered a sacred wood, abundant and tufted, in which gushed living springs where I quenched my thirst in deep draughts. I am well aware that Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, John Webster, Heywood, are, compared with Shakespeare, according to the rather unjust expression of Landor, mushrooms growing at the foot of the oak of Arden, but they represent none the less the true romanticism."

GEORGE GASCOIGNE. THE GLASSE OF GOVERNEMENT, THE PRINCELY PLEASURES AT KENELWORTH CASTLE, THE STEELE GLAS, AND OTHER POEMS AND PROSE WORKS. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. (Cambridge English Classics.) Portrait. Cambridge: The University Press. 1910.

This volume completes the present issue of the works of the ruffling Tudor poet. Oddly (and carelessly) enough, there is no mention either in the preface or on the title-page of the previous volume; so that, save by inference, the general reader, unfamiliar with Gascoigne's work, would scarcely suspect its existence. Not that the general reader would be very much interested one way or the other, for the poet's reputation is largely confined to scholars, for whom he is important as a transitional figure between the age of Wyatt and Surrey and the age of Sidney and Spenser. It is interesting to note that the editor, Mr. J. W. Cunliffe, a graduate of Cambridge, is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. He is also one of the contributors on the subject of Gascoigne and other poets of the same period to the monumental Cambridge History of English Literature.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By Professor Felix E. Schelling. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910.

By constantly varying the viewpoint there is practically no limit to the number of times the same material may be handled over and over again in literary history and criticism. Professor Schelling's viewpoint in retelling the story of Elizabethan literature is stated succinctly in his preface where he says: "History now chronicles the common man. Literature should chronicle the common book, if we are to have a full understanding of the age. . . . This book offers no apology for its treatment of the works of minor poets, dramatists and pamphleteers where such treatment is demanded for the completeness of the picture." The centre of this picture is, of course, Shakespeare, and the purpose of the book is to show how completely he dominated the Elizabethan age in every department.

THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS. Edited by William Allan Neilson, Ph.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911.

This useful volume which, excluding Shakespeare, presents selected plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, covers a field covered by no other work, in one volume, of which we know. Professor Neilson, who is of the Harvard faculty, eschews all elaborate critical apparatus, and for the most part confines himself to necessary reading notes and references at the bottom of the pages. All the texts are edited from the original quartos and folios, and there are good, brief biographical sketches as well as bibliographies.

MARGARET FULLER AND GOETHE. The Development of a Remarkable Personality, Her Religion and Philosophy, and Her Relation to Emerson, J. F. Clarke, and Transcendentalism. By Frederick Augustus Braun. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910.

Books about the Transcendentalists and their friends and contemporaries still abound, and to trace their literary and philosophical sources remains an absorbing occupation for many by whom their authority continues unquestioned. Professor Braun, who teaches German at the State University of Iowa, signalises the reciprocal indebtedness of the American woman and the German poet and thinker. She owed her thought to him, and he, in part at least, his introduction to American readers to her. While the true Transcendentalists were losing themselves in the mazes of German romanticism—of Fichte and Novalis—she kept her classic sense and scientific vision clear, through her central passion for the great genius of his age. The book is a painstaking and methodical, if not a very inspired, interesting, or even necessary piece of work.

ARTISTIC HOMES. By Mabel Tuke Priestman. With eighty-seven illustrations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1910.

There is an eternal conflict between the architects and the owners of houses. To this conflict, in which the former stand for art, and the latter for comfort and convenience, is due the large proportion of failures in American domestic architecture. Few of either class rise to the heights of comprehension where both demands may become reconciled. It is in the interest of a more extended reconciliation that Mabel Tuke Priestman, the author of other well-known works on cognate subjects, has written the present volume. Such a work may well aid prospective builders to clarify their ideas and to meet their natural enemies, the architects, on more equal terms. Many different types of houses are here considered, most of them within the range of a limited purse. Attention is also paid to the subject of interior decoration.

THE COMMONSENSE COLLECTOR. A Handbook of Hints on the Collecting and the Housing of Antique Furniture. By Frank Frankfort Moore. With fifty-two illustrations. New York and London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Turning from the human associations of the past, whence has sprung his inspiration as a novelist, Mr. Frankfort Moore, himself a collector, as the wealth of photographs of objects in his own possession amply indicates, takes up the fascinating theme of old furniture. He has a distinct purpose in view. It is to serve as a guide for those persons of moderate means who are "snubbed," as he puts it, by the numerous works that deal only with the most costly masterpieces of the great cabinet-makers. His book "endeavours to show that it is quite possible to get together a houseful of perfectly genuine old furniture at a small expense, and, by the appropriate decoration and arrangement of certain rooms, to produce quite as satisfactory an effect as could be brought about by the adoption of an extravagant scheme." While it may be thought that a trace of the novelist's imagination lingers in this pleasant prospect, the book provides agreeable reading, and will no doubt prove useful in many particulars.

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THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

The Biddle Press:

Poems. By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The House of Love. By Lucian V. Rule.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Flora's Family. By Marie De Benham.
Poems for the People. By George Sands Johnson.
Texas History in Rhyme. By Lottie H. Hargrove.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Immortal Lure. By Cale Young Rice.

B. W. Huebsch:

Optimos. By Horace Traubel.

J. S. Hyland and Company:

Shamrocks and Roses. By James Hart.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Sonnets. By Ferdinand Earle.
Poems. By Muriel Rice.

Middlebury College:

Vermont. By Wendell Phillips Stafford, Litt.D. Read at the One Hundred and Tenth Commencement of Middlebury College.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Moonlight Sonata, and Other Verses. By M. A. B. Evans.
Baldur the Beautiful. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

A. M. Robertson:

The Soul's Rubaiyat. By Amelia Woodward Truesdell.
California Sunshine and Other Verses. By Grace Hibbard.

Valentine and Anderson, Ltd. (Edinburgh):

Californian Nights' Entertainment. By Charles Elmer Jenney.

The Wessels and Bissell Company:

Poetical Favorites: Yours and Mine. Compiled by Warren Snyder.

Published by Author:

Cupid's Darts. By Earl Darlington Van Deman.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton.

Hodder and Stoughton:

Meredith's Allegory—The Shaving of Shagpat. Interpreted by James McKechnie.

Henry Holt and Company:

Studies in Language and Literature. In Celebration of the Seventieth Birthday of James Morgan Hart. November 2, 1909.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

French Men, Women and Books. A Series of Nineteenth-Century Studies. By Miss Betham-Edwards.

Published by the Author:

The Millennial Essays. By Howard S. Severance.
Youth, not Age, Our Birthright. By H. Louise Burpee.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Brentano's:

The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married and The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet. By Bernard Shaw.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries. By Esther Singleton.

The Egerton Press:

Monsieur D'Or. A Dramatic Fantasy. By John Louis Haney.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Diminutive Dramas. By Maurice Baring.
The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, excluding Shakespeare. Selected Plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, Shirley. Edited from the Original Quartos and Folios with Notes, Biographies and Bibliographies by William Allen Neilson, Ph.D.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Adventure. A Romantic Variation on a Homeric Theme. By Henry Bryan Binns.

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A. C. McClurg and Company:

Old English Instruments of Music. Their History and Character. By Francis W. Galpin, M.A., F.L.S. With an Appendix and a List of Books of Reference.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Art in Northern Italy. By Corrade Ricci.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Memoirs of Prince John De Guelph of Great Britain and Ireland.

Duffield and Company:

The Growth of Napoleon. A Study in Environment. By Norwood Young.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

William Blake. By G. K. Chesterton.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Lighter Side of My Official Life. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit. By Archibald Henderson.

The John Lane Company:

The Fate of Henry of Navarre. A True Account of How He was Slain, with a Description of the Paris of the Time and Some of the Leading Personages. By John Boundelle-Burton.

Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie.

Longmans, Green and Company:

William Morris: An Address Delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, at the Annual Meeting of the National Home Reading Union, 28th October, 1910. By J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P.

A. M. Robertson:

A Senator of the Fifties, David C. Broderick, of California. By Jeremiah Lynch.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Beginnings of the American Revolution: Based on Contemporary Letters, Diaries and Other Documents. By Ellen Chase. (3 Volumes.)

Duffield and Company:

The Face of Manchuria, Korea and Russian Turkestan. By E. G. Kemp, F.R.S.G.S.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Cathedrals of Spain. By John Allyne Gade.

The Macmillan Company:

The Siege of Boston. By Allen French.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Interpretation of History. By Max Nordau. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton.

L. C. Page and Company:

Under the Roof of the Jungle. A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds. By Charles Livingston Bull.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Behind the Screens. An Englishwoman's Impressions of Japan. By Evelyn Adams.

The Windsor Publishing Company:

A Synchronic Chart and Statistical Tables of United States History. By George E. Croscup, B.A. With a Chronological Text by Ernest D. Lewis, A.M.

Published by the Author:

Across Three Oceans. A Woman's Tour of the World. By Annie Louise Miller.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, POLITICS

Broadway Publishing Company:

Silver Gems in Seas of Gold. By William Lee Popham.

George H. Doran Company:

Souls in Action. In the Crucible of the New Life. Expanding the Narrative of Twice-Born Men. By Harold Begbie.

The Paul Elder Company:

Introduction to Errors of Thought in Science, Religion and Social Life and Their Evil Influence from the Pre-Alphabetic Ages to the Present Day, with Particular Regard to the Questions of the Hour and the Dangers of Modern Civilisation. By St. George.

Forbes and Company:

Truths. Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself. By E. B. Lowry, M.D.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D., and

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George William Gilmore, M.A. Volume IX. Petri-Reuchelin. (Complete in 12 volumes.)

Henry Holt and Company:

The Newer Spiritualism. By Frank Podmore.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Truth on Trial. An Exposition of the Nature of Truth. Preceded by a Critique of Pragmatism and an Appreciation of Its Leader. By Paul Carus.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. By George Barton Cutton, Ph.D.

Protestant Thought Before Kant. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Bolted Door. By George Gibbs.

The Lion's Skin. A Romance. By Rafael Sabatini.

Modern Masterpieces of Short Prose Fiction. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alice Vinton Waite and Edith Mendall Taylor.

Richard G. Badger:

The Makin's of a Girl. By Emma E. Meguire.

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The Canon in Residence. By Victor L. Witechurch.

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The Professor's Mystery. By Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker.

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The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester.

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Sadie: or Happy at Last. By May F. Shepherd.

Cassell and Company:

The Lame Englishman. By Warwich Deeping.

The Century Company:

The Dweller on the Threshold. By Robert Hichens.

When Half-Gods Go. Being the Story of a Brief Wedded Life as Told in Intimate and Confidential Letters Written by a Bride to a Former College Mate. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Thirteenth Man. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

The Guilty Man. By François Coppée. Authorised English Version by Ruth Helen Davis.

The Rogue's Heiress. By Tom Gallon.

The Easiest Way. A Story of Metropolitan Life. By Eugene Walter and Arthur Hornblow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Mother. By Jules Eckert Goodman.

George H. Doran Company:

Marie-Claire. By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by John Raphael. Introduction by Arnold Bennett.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Green Curve, and Other Stories. By Ole Luk-Oie.

Two on the Trail. A Story of the Far Northwest. By Hulbert Footner.

The Vanity Box. By Alice Stuyvesant.

A Comedy of Circumstance. By Emma Gavf.

Duffild and Company:

Princess Katharine. By Katharine Tynan.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Denry the Audacious. By Arnold Bennett.

Harper and Brothers:

The Skipper and the Skipped. Being the Shore Log of Captain Aaron Sproul. By Holman Day.

The Married Miss Worth. By Louise Closser Hale.

Fortunata. By Marjorie Patterson.

The Unknown Lady. By Justus Miles Forman.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Girl from Nowhere. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Robinetta. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater and Allan McAulay.

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The Sins of the Children. A Study in Social Values. By Horace W. C. Newte.

Compensation. By Anne Warwick.

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Alise of Astra. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

How Leslie Loved. By Anne Warner.

A Woman with a Purpose. By Anna Chapin Ray.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Intellectuals. An Experiment in Irish Club-Life. By Canon Sheehan, D.D.

The Macmillan Company:

While Caroline Was Growing. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Klaus Hinrich Baas. The Story of a Self-Made Man. By Gustav Frenssen.

The Justice of the King. By Hamilton Drummond.

Trevor Lordship. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Patrician. By John Galsworthy.

The Camera Fiend. By E. W. Hornung.

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Captivating Mary Carstairs. By Henry Second.

A Prince of Romance. By Stephen Chalmers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Vow. By Paul Trent.

The Chasm. By George Cram Cook.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Guide to English History for Young Readers. By Henry William Elson.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Life of a Foxhound. By John Mills.

Henry Holt and Company:

Half a Hundred Hero Tales of Ulysses and the Men of Old. Edited by Francis Storr.

NEW EDITIONS

Harper and Brothers:

The Woodlanders.

Two on a Tower.
By Thomas Hardy. (Thin paper edition.)

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Complete Works of Emily Brontë. Edited by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., and Clement Shorter. Volume 1. Poetry.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California. By Theodore H. Hittell.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Paradise in Portugal. By Mark Sale.

Kindergarten at Home. A Kindergarten Course for the Individual Child at Home. By V. M. Hillyer, A.B.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

Marriage and Divorce and the Downfall of the Sacred Union. By Jeanette Laurence.

The Charlton Company:

The Man-Made World, or Our Androcentric Culture. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Home. Its Work and Influence. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Columbia University Press:

The New Criticism. A Lecture. Delivered at Columbia University March 9, 1910. By J. E. Spingarn.

Ginn and Company:

Live Issues in Classical Study. By Karl Pomeroy Harrington.

Government Printing Office:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year ending June 30, 1909.

Harvard University:

Official Register of Harvard University. Harvard University Catalogue. 1910-1911.

Hodder and Stoughton:

The Commonsense Collector. A Handbook of Hints on the Collecting and the Housing of Antique Furniture. By Frank Frankfort Moore.

Henry Holt and Company:

War and Its Alleged Benefits. By J. Novicow.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Soul of the Indian. An Interpretation. By Charles Alexander Eastman.

Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration. 1872. The Alabama Claims. By Frank Warren Hackett.

The John Lane Company:

The Silences of the Moon. By Henry Law Webb.

The Library Shelf:

Practical Graphology, or The Science of Reading Character Through Handwriting. A Text-Book. By Louise Rice.

Little, Brown and Company:

A False Equation. The Problem of the Great Trust. By Melville M. Bigelow.

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The Macmillan Company:

An Adventure. Anon.

Neighbors Unknown. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

The Outlook to Nature. By L. H. Bailey.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

War or Peace. A Present Duty and a Future Hope. By Hiram M. Chittenden.

Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains. By J. Smeaton Chase.

Outing Publishing Company:

The Fine Art of Fishing. By Samuel G. Camp.

How to Live in the Country. By E. P. Powell.

The Progress Company:

Your Forces and How to Use Them. By Christian D. Larson.

The Pathway of Roses. By Christian D. Larson.

Published by Author:

Psychisms Through Anvernetta Greene. 1907. By Anvernetta Greene.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Nationalism. Roosevelt. (Outlook.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.20.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Opera Goer's Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
5. Jim Hands. Child. (Macmillan.) $1.20.
6. Howard's End. Forster. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. The Story of Chantecler. Liberma. (Moffat, Yard.) 75c.
3. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Clarke.) $1.50.
4. Men Who Sell Things. Moody. (McClurg.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Story of Peter Rabbit. Potter (Warne.) 50c.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd,Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
4. Helen with the High Hand. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.20.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Essays on Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls. Williams. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Bisland. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. Medical Chaos and Crime. Barnesby. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Girl Who Lived in the Woods. Cooke. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.20.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Market for Souls. Goodnow. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Publishing Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

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2. For Each Day, a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
2. Midshipman Ralph Osborne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $2.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Stone Age in North America. Moorehead. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith. Haultain. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Crawshaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Young Americans in the British Isles. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. A Woman with a Purpose. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Complete Poems. Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Red Pepper Burns. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Lady. Putnam. (Sturgis & Walton.) $2.50.
2. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Bermuda, Past and Present. Hayward. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Colonel Todhunter of Missouri. Saunders. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Interpreters of Life. Henderson. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. What's Wrong With the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. San Celestino. Ayscough. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens. Avary. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. Duke. (Barry.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Helene Von Racowitza. Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Berenice. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Complete Poems. Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

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TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Mussons.) $1.25.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Dop Doctor. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. The Frontiersman. Cady. (Briggs.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
3. Where's Master? "Cæsar," the King's Dog. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 50 cents.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. The Slow Coach. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
3. Fairy Tales of All Nations. Marshall. (Winston.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

Juveniles

1. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boy's Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	197
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	185
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill) $1.25	138
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	116
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown) $1.35	96
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.	77

NOTE.—In the March number of THE BOOKMAN *The Golden Web*, by Anthony Partridge (Little, Brown and Company), price $1.50, should have appeared as number six in the list of best selling books with 58 points instead of *Mary Cary* with 56 points.

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